

The Nation.

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The Week.

The ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty has not been in doubt at any time since its terms were made public, but the majority in favor of it was unexpectedly great. Out of seventy-eight Senators voting, only six were in the negative. All the amendments offered were voted down. All private interpretations now go to the waste-paper basket. The treaty is to be interpreted by its own language, and if disputes arise hereafter as to its meaning, they will no doubt be settled under the terms of the Hague Conference. Certain Senators pretended to find in the treaty a reserved right to grant discriminations in tolls in favor of our ships engaged in trade between our Atlantic and Pacific ports—in face of the clause which forbids discriminations of any kind. It does not apply, they said, to our coasting trade. The fact is—and it is the bottom fact of the whole business from the time of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to the present moment—that the aim of the two governments has been to give absolute equality of rights to all ships, not merely of the United States and Great Britain, but, as the text says, of those of all nations, in order to avoid any conflict in reference to the use of the canal. That is the very *raison d'être* of the present treaty. That is the reason why the words were added providing that the anti-discrimination clause should still apply even if the country traversed by the canal should hereafter become a part of our territory. An amendment offered by Senator Bacon of Georgia to strike out the latter clause received only eighteen votes, out of seventy-eight, and not one Republican vote. On this particular amendment the Democrats divided sixteen yeas to ten nays. Senator Morgan of Alabama rendered a great service to civilization by his efforts to prevent the Democratic party from "lining up" against the treaty.

It is by no means likely that the Philippine Commission will be supported either by Congress or by the Administration in its extravagant demands for almost royal powers. The Commission not only asks the right to issue bonds to improve Manila and to buy up the lands of the religious orders—a tremendous undertaking—but also sole power to grant municipal and insular franchises, subject to confirmation by an overworked President 10,000 miles away. It demands the right to grant lands to railroad companies, and wishes Congress to require an educational suffrage qualification. Both President

Roosevelt and Secretary Root are committed to the granting of franchises for the "legitimate exploitation" of the islands as prerequisite to their development. But no complete plan has yet been published by which the award of such franchises can be properly made and kept out of the hands of politicians of the stripe of Representative Hull. The Administration will probably favor aiding capitalists ready to go into railroad-ing, by land-grants, or by guaranteeing a modest return on necessary bond issues. It will be a new and radical departure in American methods of government if five men are given the right to carry out all these projects without the slightest check except their own feeling of responsibility, and without any reference to the millions upon whom their arbitrary rule is imposed.

The case of Cuba is infinitely more pressing than that of the Philippines, so far as the necessity of Congressional action is concerned, but the dominant party becomes very deliberate when it is a matter of saving an island from threatened and imminent ruin. The Ways and Means Committee has postponed all consideration of changes in the tariff affecting Cuba until after the holidays, and meanwhile the beet-sugar interests are rallying their forces to prevent anything being done even then. It is encouraging to observe, however, that leading Republican newspapers which believe in a high tariff will not consent to so heartless a policy. The *Tribune* returned to the subject on Saturday, citing the letter written in 1899 by Messrs. Oxnard and Cutting, the chiefs of the beet-sugar industry east of the Rocky Mountains, which the *Evening Post* published on Thursday, as a conclusive answer to the pleas that this industry would be harmed by concessions to the sugar interests of Cuba. It sums up the argument forcibly when it puts these questions:

"In the face of these authoritative and voluntary declarations of only two years ago, with what consistency can the beet-sugar interests now oppose reciprocity with Cuba? If in 1899 they had nothing to fear from free trade in sugar with Cuba and all the world, what can they have to fear in 1901 from only a 50 per cent. reduction in the duty on Cuban sugar alone?"

The writers of the letter in question did not depend upon *a-priori* reasoning to prove that they could make sugar at a profit without tariff protection. They pointed to the fact that, under the McKinley tariff of 1890, when sugar was free of duty, the price of the article was 4 cents per pound. Yet a net profit of \$3 per ton was made by the beet-sugar factories under those conditions, not count-

ing any bounty on the home production of sugar. They boasted that they made this profit while working under absolute free trade, and they have a right to be proud of this result of their skill and industry. Many beet-sugar factories had been started in bygone years, in the sixties and seventies of the nineteenth century, and had failed, because the protectors did not understand the business. Since then great progress has been made, both here and abroad, in the cultivation and manipulation of the beet. What was impossible thirty years ago is now entirely feasible. The industry is already on a solid and enduring basis. There are factories in the United States, these gentlemen tell us in their letter, capable of using 350,000 tons of beets per annum at a profit of \$3 per ton, and this would make a profit of \$1,050,000 as the income to be earned under absolute free trade.

That is an extremely cruel amendment of the civil-service rules which President Roosevelt approved on December 10, and which forbids the disbursing and auditing officers to pay the salary or wages of any person "holding a place in the civil service in violation of the civil-service act and rules." The deliberate malice of this we must leave it to the spoilsmen to describe in suitable language. All their tricks and shifts to "beat the law" and get a "place" for a "man" will be in vain if the place is to be cut off from the money that goes with it. What shall it profit a spoilsmonger to compass sea and land to get a follower in the classified service by stratagem or irregularity, and then lose even the wages expected for the underhand work? It is the most heartless use of the power of the purse that ever was heard of. Little did the politicians think that Mr. Roosevelt would take advantage of the expert knowledge which he gained as Civil-Service Commissioner, for their special discomfiture.

Indiana politicians will consider the selection by President Roosevelt of Judge Baker of their State Supreme Court for the vacant United States Circuit Judgeship, in its real or supposed aspect, as an indication of the influence at the White House of the two Senators; Baker having been zealously urged by Mr. Beveridge, while Mr. Fairbanks preferred almost anybody else. A far more important feature of the appointment is the evidence which it furnishes that the President does not regard sympathy with the Expansion policy as an indispensable qualification of a new Federal judge. The appointee has been an Anti-Imperialist all along, and openly opposed

the Porto Rico policy of the McKinley Administration two years ago. Many politicians supposed that evidence of this would bar him from further consideration, despite his conspicuous fitness, and it is greatly to Mr. Roosevelt's credit that he attached no weight whatever to the argument.

Another anti-Addicks appointment in Delaware, with President Roosevelt's compliments to Senator Hanna! That gentleman's friends, North and South—particularly South—are beginning to mutter in pain over the entire disregard shown by the reckless young man in the White House for a carefully constructed political machine. Answering, but (as yet) subdued, wails of anguish come from the Fairbanks machine in Indiana and the Kerens machine in Missouri. The various chief engineers exchange looks of amazement. "He thinks he can get along without Us!" That is the thing which overcomes them with special wonder: a President of the United States goes coolly, even gayly, right over the heads of the bosses to select good men for office! Is he mad? Or does he not really want to be renominated? As to that last, we presume that President Roosevelt is not bothering his head about it. He does not need to. No President by taking thought could do so much to increase his real political strength as Mr. Roosevelt has done since he entered the White House by *not* taking thought. The country has seen in him a President unafraid and absolutely honest. For all that such a man needs to care, even in political matters, the bosses may go hang. Grover Cleveland showed how to be renominated though opposed by all his party bosses; and it may be that Theodore Roosevelt will again exhibit in that way the power of "bravery's simple gravitation."

Apropos of Saylor's appointment, the following paragraph from President Roosevelt's message has a special significance:

"The guardianship and fostering of our rapidly expanding foreign commerce, the protection of American citizens resorting to foreign countries in lawful pursuit of their affairs, and the maintenance of the dignity of the nation abroad, combine to make it essential that our consuls should be men of character, knowledge, and enterprise. It is true that the service is now, in the main, efficient, but a standard of excellence cannot be permanently maintained until the principles set forth in the bills heretofore submitted to the Congress on this subject are enacted into law."

No words that we could write would be half so fitting to apply to the case of Saylor as those we have quoted. How is "the dignity of the nation abroad" to be promoted by an exposed swindler? The fact is, that an exequatur has been refused in Germany to a man appointed as American consul whose misconduct

was less notorious than that of Saylor. If the Canadian authorities should refuse one to Saylor, they would deserve and receive the applause of the best portion of the American people. The nation ought not to be exposed to such a rebuke. Mr. Roosevelt owes it to himself and to the cause of consular reform, to which he is so grandly committed, to recall this nomination at once.

In the issue for November 25 of the *Revue Américaine*, a journal published in Brussels expressly in the interests of South America, the Consul of Venezuela in Amsterdam, Señor R. Blanco Fombona, set forth with great frankness and precision what he calls the true "formula" for the foreign policy of the Latin-American republics. This is, he declares, "to arm themselves with the Monroe Doctrine against Europe, and with the Latin idea and Latin commercial interests against the United States." Señor Fombona points to the successful way in which his own country, Venezuela, induced the United States to pull its chestnuts out of the fire in 1895. As for any real affinity, or grateful return on account of such favors, he scoffs at the idea. He has lived in the United States for several years, and thinks he knows the Yankees well; and this is what he says of them:

"Between their ideals and ours there is an abyss. There is the greatest difference between their conception of life and our own. They, the children of the English, are selfish, proud, hateful; they believe only in their own race. They hold us to be their inferiors. We South Americans feel ourselves much nearer to Latin Europe. France, Italy, Spain are the land of our race and of our love. In literary matters, and socially and politically, these are the countries which influence us the most."

If there are some exaggerations and some oversights in this, there is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in it. That truth it is high time we got into our heads. We have been, in some respects, made tools of by the South Americans. Our interferences in their behalf have cost them nothing, but have cost us dear, while they have still given the greater part of their affection and their trade to Europe. This is an aspect of the international situation which the United States would do well to consider in the pending case of Germany's new claim against Venezuela. A German warship is said to be on her way to collect a Venezuelan debt, and our Jingoës are ruffling with displeasure. Has not the day come, however, to take a business view of these business matters? Are we going to let the South Americans think they can safely, in our shadow, play fast and loose with their European obligations while not even dissembling their aversion to us?

When the Fine Arts Federation, for its eleven constituent societies, passed

resolutions favoring the construction of a "United States Arts Exhibition Building," it practically announced the successful completion of negotiations extending over some years. It meant the renunciation of many traditional rivalries, and the declaration of a spirit of comity which art societies have rarely shown. In its tersest expression, the plan is this: to build in a location above Fourteenth Street and, if possible, on some park or great thoroughfare in this city, an exhibition building, to occupy an acre of ground, and to cost not less than a million and a half dollars. Since the resources of the eleven societies which make up the Federation are totally inadequate to carry out the plan, the artists must count upon the support of such laymen as are interested in art. Good causes seldom languish in New York when they are properly presented, and we may assume that the Fine Arts Federation has in view some more elaborate presentation of its case than is contained in the recent resolutions. When the appeal for public support comes, it will be made clear that the building of a dignified home for current art is rather more in the interest of the public than of the artist. For the art societies are already creditably housed, and if artists generally are suffering from lack of popular appreciation, their case is not so grievous as to force them to open complaint. That the artists will gain by exhibiting in a more impressive fashion is certain, but the average cultivated New Yorker will find an even greater benefit and convenience in the annual exhibition of the Federated Art Societies. We greatly need in this city a clearing-house between the artist and the public: Studio visiting, as it obtains on the Continent, has never become a custom in New York. With the best will in the world, it is really difficult for one interested in the art of his own time to see and enjoy what is being done in his own town.

Mr. Coler took up on Saturday a neglected aspect of the debt-limit question. He acutely pointed out that, as things now stand, the more New York's assets amount to, the less it can borrow. That is to say, if such works as docks, the subway, and others of similar character were not owned by the city, they would be owned by individual corporations, and as such would be taxable. The city's borrowing power would thus be increased by the due proportion of the assessed valuation of these public works, whereas now they are not assessed at all. Of course, this assumes that if the city had not undertaken the works, some other agency would have done so, and that may not be wholly certain. But the main point of Mr. Coler's argument is clear—the works exist and do add to the tangible property of the city. They should, therefore, be regarded as an asset. Prob-

ably his suggested plan that the Constitution be so amended as to permit cities to assess their own property would be as feasible a process for getting at the matter as any.

The official announcement that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is going to bring its line into the heart of New York city, by means of a tunnel under the North River, and is to extend this tunnel under the East River, so as to make an underground connection between its main system and the Long Island Railroad, which it now controls, insures the greatest advance in transportation facilities for the metropolis ever made in a single step. It will give the travelling public, for the first time, two lines by which people may leave the city for distant points in through cars, and may reach New York from the far West or South, without the delay and discomfort of transfer to ferry-boats; and it will also enable residents of Manhattan to take cars from a central locality on this island to any point on Long Island without having recourse, as now, to a ferryboat across the East River. With the assured growth of Long Island as a summer resort for New Yorkers, this latter change alone would be one of great importance. Of tremendous consequence also to the people of Brooklyn is the fact that it will be possible to take through cars for remote points in the country from the business centre of that borough, and in like manner to reach that spot from a distance as easily as though Brooklyn were a part of the mainland. But it is in the larger aspect of the matter—as showing the conclusion of the best engineering experts and the wisest financiers that, with electrical development, the tunnel is superior to the bridge when there is a choice between the two—that the action of the Pennsylvania Company is most important. Such an example will attract attention and secure imitation all over the country.

The shrinkage in Europe's use of copper, since the sudden contraction in the French and German electrical industry, has been so great that, notwithstanding a decrease of some 60 per cent. in Europe's copper imports from the United States, the European price has fallen within a year some £20 per ton, or more than 25 per cent. Of this violent decline, the greater part has occurred in the past three months. Only last month "spot copper" sold in London at £66.17 per ton; a week ago it was quoted at £52.10. Keeping in view the suddenness and widespread violence of the trade contraction, this fall in prices was scarcely to be wondered at. It may conceivably have been exaggerated, though it must be remembered that the price of copper has been ruling about the highest

level reached in the Secretan corner of 1889, and that the world's present copper production is probably nearly double what it was at that time. In the face of this heavy and continuous break in the European price of copper, the so-called official price of our Amalgamated Copper Company has virtually not been reduced at all. Two very interesting results have followed this curious situation. A large stock of unsold copper has accumulated in the hands of the American company, which has had to cut dividends in consequence. On the other side, European companies have actually increased production from nine thousand tons a month to ten thousand; and that they have sold all this increased output, even in the depressed condition of European trade, is shown by the fact that Europe's reported visible supply has not increased at all. This, on the whole, was a very comfortable situation for such properties as the Rio Tinto, which operates the rich Spanish copper mines. But it was obviously less agreeable for the Amalgamated Copper, which last month was confronted with a further fall in American copper exports to the lowest monthly total in five years. Nothing is more natural than that the Amalgamated Copper Company should use every effort to bring the Rio Tinto Company to terms—at least, to stop this continued increase in competitive European production.

Marconi's marvellous experiments of Thursday and Friday last naturally find doubters, for it not only strains the faith, but almost baffles the imagination of the layman, to believe that from a signal pole in England to a kite in Newfoundland recognizable signals passed across eighteen hundred miles of ocean. That such was the fact, however, there seems hardly the slightest ground for doubting. In fact, Mr. Marconi's published interviews on the subject only heighten the confidence that is felt in him as a man of science. The frank acknowledgment that a signal rather than a verbal message was chosen because the instruments are still too imperfect for the more difficult test, shows the temper of the scientist rather than the headlong enthusiasm of the mere inventor. When the first Atlantic cable was laid, it worked badly, and transmitted few public messages, and many cautious people denied that it had worked at all. The most circumstantial evidence was necessary to prove that the uncertain and intermittent workings of an imperfect cable were anything other than fabrications of a disappointed and unscrupulous promoter. It is needless to say that Cyrus W. Field's vindication came. It seems as unlikely that Marconi and his skilled operators can have been deceived in the repeated experiments of two days, as it was either that the first operators of the

Atlantic cable imagined they got messages from Ireland, or that Cyrus W. Field lied about his great enterprise. In the enthusiasm that the marvellous success naturally arouses, and in the field it offers to the imagination, one may well imitate the example of moderation which the great inventor himself has shown. Wireless telegraphy is still in its beginnings, and while there seems reason to hope that its practical application may prove successful until it is in every-day use across great distances, we suspend speculation upon the changes which such an invention may effect.

A movement now on foot against duelling in Austria-Hungary gives hopes that the days of the code in that empire are numbered. Duelling has survived the last century only in virtue of a factitious but most tyrannical public opinion. Its discontinuance in England and America has been less the result of legislation than of social disapproval. The fact that the Viennese committee, consisting of three hundred persons, has secured the adherence of the best Austrian society, is the most encouraging sign that the campaign against a barbarous practice is likely to prove successful. The proposal that personal disputes of a serious nature be referred to courts of honor has a mediæval flavor, although it may be very well suited to Continental conditions. For the Continent differs from England and America in having a more highly developed social and collective sense, and a deeper regard for aristocratic tradition. Since the duel, though rare, is still a fight to the death in Austria, where a distressing case has recently aroused general indignation, one cannot doubt that the reform is undertaken in all sincerity.

The report that the Kaiser will henceforth pass on all cases where the military courts of honor have declared a duel necessary, seems to show that the attitude of the court towards duelling has changed of late, and that the horror which Germany has felt at the sacrifice of Lieut. Blaskowitch to the code is shared in the highest quarters. It has been overlooked that the imperial order of 1897 for the courts of honor was already admirable in tone. "If an officer has given offence in haste or in passion," it reads, "his honorable course is not to persist in the wrong, but to strike hands in an amicable arrangement"; and, again, the duty of a council of honor is "to use every intelligent effort to secure a friendly explanation." It was the signal failure of Lieut. Blaskowitch's commanding officer, since dismissed the service, to act in the spirit of this order, which has led the Emperor to supervise personally the decisions of the courts of honor, and to make himself the arbiter in cases of deadly insult.

THE CUBAN PERIL.

In his recent message to Congress President Roosevelt called attention to the distressing conditions impending in the island of Cuba, and pointed out the necessity of some immediate steps to avert a grave danger. He said:

"I most earnestly ask your attention to the wisdom, indeed to the vital need, of providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States. Cuba has in her Constitution affirmed what we desired, that she should stand, in international matters, in closer and more friendly relations with us than with any other Power; and we are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material well-being."

Since these words were uttered by the President, additional information has been received from the Military Governor, showing that unless something is done at once to afford relief to the planters, bankruptcy will befall the greater number of them. They will not be able to pay the money they have borrowed to make the present crop. They cannot keep their laborers employed, and the latter will be reduced to beggary or brigandage. The situation is already desperate. It may become revolutionary.

The President is said to be contemplating a special message to Congress to recommend the passage of a temporary measure for the admission of Cuban sugar to our ports free of duty, or at half the present rates, for six months, in order to save the island from the impending disaster. It is to be hoped that he may do so before the holiday recess, and that he may put into it the energy that he displayed in pushing the Franchise Tax Bill in New York. He might not be able to secure the immediate passage of the bill, but he could produce so profound an impression on public opinion that it would be likely to pass early in January, and so avert the threatened calamity.

Of course, it will be said that the bill is unphilosophical; that it will be virtually a donation of money from the United States to Cuba, and that if such a donation is to be made, it would be better to make it directly by an appropriation of Congress than indirectly by a contribution from the taxpayers. It will be said also that if we admit Cuban sugar at half rates for six months, we shall be obliged to admit the sugar of other countries at the same rates, under the "most favored nation clause" of our foreign treaties. It has already been urged by objectors to the proposed plan that it would give a large additional profit to the Sugar Refineries Company, or Trust.

It is certainly desirable that the remission of duties shall be shared by the American consumer as well as by the Cuban producer. This might be secured by making the remission or reduction applicable to all the sugar imported during the six months. No American

interest could be much harmed in that short period, and if some of them should lose a profit which they are now enjoying at the expense of the people, the latter will merely have recovered a small portion of their just dues. The admission of all sugar, refined as well as raw, for six months, at half the present rates, would prevent the Trust from getting any greater advantage than it enjoys under the present law. It would also prevent any difficulty from arising under the most-favored-nation clause.

Our own sugar-producers will resist the small concession to Cuba because it embodies what they call a breach of the principle of protection. They fear the effect of one example, even if it is only of six months' duration. They take the same ground that the owners of pine forests took after the great fire at Chicago, thirty years ago. The burned-out people of that city petitioned Congress for a remission of the duties on lumber used solely to replace buildings in the burned districts. This was a very small matter in itself, but it would be a very great matter if it should be customary to allow burned-out Americans to rebuild their houses without paying a tax to the lumber barons. When the Chicago petition reached Congress, it was opposed in the bitterest terms by the pine-forest owners of the State of Michigan, and they actually defeated the measure.

The protected sugar interests should bear in mind that the annexation of Cuba is one of the alternatives that they have to face. By resisting any and every measure for the relief of Cuba now, and by thus precipitating bankruptcy, beggary, and lawlessness upon the island so lately freed by American blood and treasure, they can create a public opinion which will bring Cuba into the American Union with all the trade privileges that Porto Rico now enjoys. Then there will be no duty on Cuban sugar. That is the future which our cane and beet-producers will have to face if they are blinded by their greed to the present danger.

It is plain that a treaty of reciprocity would not meet the present exigency. Even if there were parties by whom it could be negotiated, the time is not sufficient. It could not be made effective in regard to the present crop. But there is no treaty-making authority in Cuba now. There can be none until after the election next February. Our Supreme Court has decided that Cuba is a foreign country, yet the present government of the island is our government. We cannot make a treaty with ourselves, or with our own Military Governor in Cuba. Therefore, the crisis can be met only by an act of Congress.

THE SCHLEY VERDICT.

It was an English Admiral, John Byng, whose execution, on the verdict

of a naval court-martial, gave point to the famous irony in "Candide," that he was shot "pour encourager les autres." Byng was found guilty simply of "negligence." He was expressly acquitted of "cowardice or disaffection," and the court recommended him to the mercy of the King. Yet the articles of war assigned the penalty of death for neglect in a naval officer to "do his utmost" to take or destroy the enemy's ships, and the sentence was carried out for reasons which, of course, were long and bitterly debated.

The real reason, however, may well have lain hidden in Voltaire's sarcasm. To "encourage the others" is, after all, the most powerful argument for holding a naval officer to the strictest accountability. The discipline, the prestige, the high sense of duty of the whole service are at stake in every naval court-martial or inquiry. Personal considerations cannot live in the atmosphere which should envelop the officers sitting in such a court—namely, that of pure devotion to the highest interests of the navy. They have nothing to do with the distribution of glory or the nice assignment of rewards. Their one duty is to determine and apply the loftiest standard of professional responsibility. For an American board of inquiry the sole questions should be, "Does the conduct of the officer before us conform to the stern laws and the glorious traditions of the American navy? Does it measure up to the example of a Lawrence, a Decatur, or a Farragut? Will it be an inspiration or a discouragement to the youngest midshipman, taught and resolved that to do his duty at all hazards is the one ambition and the sufficient laurel of every American naval officer?"

It goes without saying that the verdict against Admiral Schley, made public on Saturday, was rendered only in the discharge of a painful duty laid upon the able and high-minded officers composing the Board of Inquiry which the accused Admiral so tardily demanded. They find him guilty of "vacillation, dilatoriness, and lack of enterprise." They assert that "he did not do his utmost" to capture or destroy the Colon on May 31, 1898. This offence is punishable, in the American Articles of War, as in the English, with death. The verdict also finds that Schley did not "promptly obey" the order of the Navy Department, that his official reports regarding the coal supply and the coaling facilities of the Flying Squadron were "inaccurate and misleading," and that he "did injustice" to Lieutenant-Commander Hodgson by publishing a garbled version of the correspondence that passed between them. Schley's personal coolness and courage in battle are, on the other hand, certified to as unquestioned. This last is reason for general congratulation. The American navy is at least

relieved from the charge—always unthinkable—that it had an officer in high command capable of cowardice in the face of the enemy.

The verdict of the Board of Inquiry, by a further example of the unhappy fate which has attended the Schley controversy from the beginning, is exposed to misunderstanding by the public. The Admiral's friends at once began to shout that he was condemned only by a majority of the court—composed of two officers who were never in a really important battle—while glorious Dewey stood by his brother-hero in every particular. But what is the cold fact? Admiral Dewey must be held to agree with Admirals Benham and Ramsay except in the points where he records a specific dissent. These are entirely minor. They do not touch those capital features of the verdict which we have already quoted, and which constitute the final condemnation of Admiral Schley. Dewey, in other words, found him guilty on all the main counts of the indictment, but cleared him on subordinate charges. Then, in a burst of amiable but mistaken generosity, he gave an opinion on a matter not before the Board, and on which evidence had been rigidly excluded—namely, that Schley was senior officer present in the battle of Santiago, and was entitled to the credit for the "glorious victory." That this is the total legal effect of Dewey's "vindication" of Schley is made clear by the Judge-Advocate's explanation, which has, indeed, silenced all but the more unblushing partisans.

Much keen disappointment and indignation is naturally expressed by Schley's counsel at the damaging nature of the verdict against their client, and some of his partisans are clamoring for a Congressional investigation to break the effect of the findings of the Board of Inquiry. But this is only a counsel of rage, which will be given no heed, we devoutly hope, after the first ebullitions have subsided, and after the crushing character of the findings against Admiral Schley has had time to impress itself upon the public mind. The Board recommends that nothing be done, and surely that is the one way to relieve the Navy from further bitterness and impairment of morale in connection with this most unfortunate affair. Leave it hereafter to the historians. Let the case take its place among the historic disputes like that over the conduct of Grouchy in connection with the battle of Waterloo, about which men may debate to the end of time without coming to an agreement. It is enough that Schley's brother-officers have now spoken. To them the Navy, at any rate, will listen. And their verdict will accomplish the one great result desired—that is, make it certain that no American commodore will ever again think that he can be dilatory, negligent, inac-

curate, vacillating, and disobedient, when charged with an important mission, and still be able to retain the approval and respect of his brothers in arms.

BRANCH BANKING.

Mr. A. B. Stickney, President of the Chicago Great Western Railway, delivered an address before the Marquette Club in Chicago on Saturday evening, in which he set forth, at somewhat greater length, the views on changes needed in our banking system which he had given in outline at the Bankers' Convention in Milwaukee last October. He holds that we need a "Central Reserve Bank," akin to the Bank of England in its function as keeper of the ultimate gold reserve of the country, but not as a Government bank, like the old Bank of the United States, nor as a note-issuing institution. It should be an outgrowth, a product of evolution, and would be such, in his opinion, if the Government would simply withdraw from the banking business itself and allow the national banks to have branches, according to the system prevailing in Great Britain, and especially in Scotland, where it has reached its highest perfection.

In some comments on Mr. Stickney's address at Milwaukee, we assumed that he contemplated the establishment of an institution akin to the Bank of the United States, which expired in Jackson's second Presidential term after a bitter political contest. This, we said, was "practically and politically impossible, and could be expected only by a thorough Utopist." Mr. Stickney disavows and expressly repudiates any such intention, saying:

"It was not my intention to advocate the establishment of such a bank. I entirely agree that the establishment of such a bank, which would be rehabilitating the old Biddle Bank of the United States, is practically and politically impossible. I am prepared to go further than my critics. I deny that it is ideally perfect in theory, and it is my conviction that such a bank not only never could, but never should, be again established in the United States."

Mr. Stickney goes even further, and says that he does not advocate any system to be established by Congressional legislation. He merely wants Congress to keep hands off and leave banks to grow in their own way. But in order to keep hands off, the Government must retire its circulating notes of all kinds. The Treasury must restrict itself to the collection and disbursement of the public revenues, and cease to act as the keeper of the ultimate gold reserve which guarantees the solvency of all business, public and private. It must leave the banks free as regards their deposit and discount operations—as free as they are in Europe. They must be allowed to have branches, many or few. Out of such a system he thinks

that a central reserve bank would grow as a labor-saving device, in order to avoid the necessity of duplicating the reserves and moving large masses of metal hither and thither. Any existing bank might be selected for this purpose, or a new one might be created by common consent, and it might be incorporated under the law of a State.

We have at all times favored the retirement of the Government from the banking business. By this is meant its restriction to the fiscal operation which it performed before the civil war. By the act of March 14, 1900, the fiscal and the banking functions of the Treasury were separated from each other, and two departments were created, one containing the divisions of issue and redemption, and the other the general fund. The divisions of issue and redemption embrace what are commonly called the banking functions. Once get rid of these, and the Treasury reverts to the ante-bellum conditions. To get rid of them altogether is only a question of detail, but it is a formidable one, requiring, in the first place, a renovation of public opinion on the whole question of banking and currency. This does not seem so formidable to Mr. Stickney as the change which has been effected on the silver question since the enactment of the Bland Silver Law in 1873. In this conjecture he is probably right. At all events, this divorce is what all advocates of a sound currency system must continue to strive for. It is only six years since it was a doubtful question whether the legal-tender notes of the United States should be redeemed in gold or not, and if the decision had been left to Congress, they would not have been redeemed. President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle received no help from that quarter, but rather the contrary, in their endeavors to perform in good faith the banking functions of the Government, by maintaining the parity of the greenbacks.

We agree with Mr. Stickney that the banks should be allowed to have branches for discount and deposit wherever they please. Such a system would be greatly to the advantage of the borrower, by distributing the capital of the banks where it is most needed. Under such a system the rates of interest would be equalized, or would tend toward equality, between the large cities and the small towns. Knowledge of the demand and supply of money would be quickly conveyed by the branch at the small town to the parent bank in the city, and funds could be quickly transferred to the branch, either from the parent bank or from any other branch where the demand was less pressing. The advantage of branch banking consists in the facility which it affords for gaining knowledge of the relative needs of business in different places and of responding to those needs, through agents on

the ground possessing the necessary local knowledge. It is this which has made the Scotch system so effective and useful to the small industries of that country, and especially to agriculture.

Whether a central reserve bank would result naturally from the branch system or not, that system should be adopted for its own sake. This might be done without waiting for the Government to retire its greenbacks and take itself out of the banking field.

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

Mr. Low's stand in favor of a short working day for public employees, and President Roosevelt's urging of further Federal legislation on the same subject, give special timeliness to a comprehensive account of the eight-hour movement published by Dr. A. F. Weber, in the last report of the New York Bureau of Labor Statistics. It appears that the movement has thus far failed to attain its object, except in special classes of industries. The only country which does not fall under this general statement is Australia, where the hours of the working day have, all round, been reduced to eight. Great Britain and the United States follow with averages of 9 and 9¼ hours, respectively, but most Continental laborers work longer. While these averages hold good for the general field of industry, the eight-hour day has frequently been secured in employments where the nature of the industry made it possible to form a close organization among the men, and where employers were not directly exposed to competition with others who could get labor on more favorable terms. Of such occupations the building trades furnish a conspicuous example, the world over. Although the hours of work in other trades have materially decreased, there are not more than three or four cases in the United States in which they have been generally reduced to so low a figure.

The slowness with which the movement has progressed by private agreement has naturally led to a demand for legislation. Uniform laws on the subject have, however, been impossible in our commonwealths, because of the Constitutional guarantees of freedom of contract. New York was among the earliest States to pass laws for an eight-hour day, and her experience is typical. The original law of 1870, amended in 1894, 1897, 1899, and 1900, is very explicit in fixing eight hours as the standard day, but the provisions of the act have been practically a dead letter because of the Constitutional necessity of admitting agreements for overtime. Yet this has not prevented the regulation of the work of women and children in factories and stores, as regards both their hours of labor and the age at which they may take up such employment.

Quite a different phase of the question is presented in regulating the work of public servants. The Government may, of course, prescribe the conditions under which it will enter into contracts, and many of the States have limited the hours of work for public employees—usually to eight. Furthermore, it has been sought to interpret some of these short-hour statutes in such wise as to include not merely direct public service, but also the work of all employed in the manufacture of commodities under public contract. Such an issue was involved in the recent New York case of *Downey vs. Bender*. The decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court last January rejected this attempted extension of the scope of the law. How difficult would be the enforcement of an act covering indirect labor for the public was clearly shown by Secretary Gage in a letter written March 12, 1898, when a similar bill limiting the hours of all workmen employed in producing goods or engaged in services for the Federal Government was being discussed before the House Committee on Labor. Mr. Gage pointed out that:

"A proper and efficient supervision of the hours of service of the employees of contractors and sub-contractors, for the purpose of noting any violation of the law, would necessitate the employment of a force of inspectors sufficient to oversee the work performed under every contract and sub-contract, extending out indefinitely."

Before an eight-hour law can be intelligently enacted, it must be understood whether or not a reduction in hours is to be accompanied by a corresponding reduction in pay. If wages are to be lower, the eight-hour plan is merely a proposal to subdivide work and to help solve the problem of the unemployed. Such an altruistic motive as this is very far from the intention of the advocates of a shorter working day. What they mean when they ask for eight hours, is eight hours with the same wages that are now paid for a considerably longer period. The main economic argument advanced in support of such a demand is the fallacy that limitation of hours will necessarily result in higher wages. This idea was recently expressed by a labor journal, cited by Dr. Weber, as follows: "If we succeed in passing this bill [a Federal eight-hour law], it will create such a demand for labor as was never experienced, will raise wages, and give a boost to the labor movement that will make it respected by those who are its antagonists."

From the purely economic standpoint, the eight-hour question turns merely upon the point at which the maximum productiveness of the worker is reached. Whether this point is represented by the 9½-hour day is, of course, open to question. One thing, however, is certain—a maximum efficiency cannot be attained by equal hours of work in all occupations. An example of the strange

results which may follow a general enforcement of the eight-hour plan is seen in the experience under the New York law of 1899, which necessitated largely increased payments to lock-tenders employed on the State canals—a class of men to whom the eight-hour principle is absolutely inapplicable, since their work is intermittent, and most of their time may be spent at their homes near the locks of which they are in charge. The absurdity of an eight-hour day in domestic service and in farming is manifest. Yet there are many occupations in which it would lead to difficulties fully as great. The point of maximum efficiency of labor can be determined, not theoretically, but only by the study of a large number of specific instances, under free competition. As for the reasons advanced for granting unusually favorable terms to public employees, thus making them a favored class, we have frequently expressed the opinion that they are not sound.

ROSEBERY AND ENGLISH POLITICS.

Lord Rosebery might well pray to be saved from those friends of his who aroused such extravagant expectations in regard to his Chesterfield speech. No orator could have so cleft the earth with a single utterance as it was thundered in the index that he would do. The result is inevitable disappointment. Like the French plenipotentiary who sent relays of heralds and messengers to announce his coming with excited and repeated cries of *Monseigneur vient!* it is a rather pitiful figure which his Lordship cuts when we at last see the real man instead of the trumpeted hero. As a trained public speaker, Lord Rosebery must know that it is a tactical mistake to key up in advance the curiosity of his audience to a pitch which it is impossible for him to satisfy; and nothing is more disastrous to a political leader than for predictions of his supernatural wisdom to have no fulfillment. If Rosebery's speech had not been heralded as a kind of new political gospel of salvation for English parties, one might have thought rather well of it; the odious comparison is that of the assumed demigod with the man himself, who has to confess that he sometimes thinks he has no more wit than an ordinary Christian.

Punch had, some time ago, a clever cartoon in which Lord Rosebery appeared as the "*Deus in (not ex) Machina.*" He was staying in the bathing-machine, thence safely to give bland advice to those struggling in the waves. This air of detachment clings to his latest deliverance, in spite of his somewhat theatric intimation that the country would know where to find him if it wanted his services. Yes, but how is he to serve? Not by well-turned phrases about efficiency of government and the

need of technical education. Salisbury or Bannerman would agree to all that; what politician, in fact, so abandoned as not to agree? Political service in England means service through a party, and what has Rosebery to say about party government? Not a word that alters the situation. He severely arraigns the Conservatives, and says that Great Britain is lost if there is no possibility of an alternative party in power. But what about the only possible alternative party, the Liberals? They are hopelessly divided. They ought to "get together"; but how, Lord Rosebery warns his hearers not to ask him. He does not know. But he did know how further to divide the Liberal party, and proceeded to do it, so far as in him lay, by contemptuously throwing over the Irish alliance, and by going out of his way to differ with the National Liberal Federation. As late as December 4, that body of more than 500 delegates unanimously adopted a resolution calling for the displacement of Lord Milner as High Commissioner in South Africa. On December 16, Rosebery coolly remarks that he cannot understand the desire of "certain persons" to "get rid of Lord Milner"! Thus to flout the accredited action of his party is his way to harmonize it and to lead it.

We can see no promise either of a programme or of leadership in Lord Rosebery's speech, so long awaited with such comical anxiety. The most that he can possibly do at present is to form a small "cave." Into it he could probably draw a few Liberals. Into it there might also tentatively go a discontented Conservative faction. There can be no doubt of the great and growing dissatisfaction with Lord Salisbury's Government within the ranks of his own nominal followers. Mr. Winston Churchill has already organized a little group of dissident Conservatives. Bluff Lord Charles Beresford is expected to join them when he gives up his Mediterranean command in February and enters Parliament again. He recently wrote a letter expressing the gloomiest discontent with the course of the Conservatives, and saying, "We have no strong, bold, clear-headed leader, and we are drifting—where?" This body of disgusted Conservatives, joined possibly by a few Liberal Unionists, have been thought of as possibly going over to Lord Rosebery's Liberal nucleus to form a new party—the party of "all the best men," as it has been called. It is indeed true that such an independent element in Parliament might play a valuable part in the way of fearless criticism; it might even, in time, become a new party if it had a definite programme and a resolute and untiring leader; but with Rosebery cracking jokes in the Lords, instead of pushing the fight in the Commons, and with no platform except disagreement with both parties, what hope is there of the for-

mation of any such new party? We confess we see none.

On all the questions connected with the Boer war, Lord Rosebery's trumpet gives a perfectly modulated but most uncertain sound. Where he would have changed the Government's policy in the past, or would alter it in the present, he scarcely intimates, except in the one matter of greater tact. He seems to think that a graceful and honied speaker in the Colonial Office could have prevented the general ill-will which Great Britain has suffered as a result of the South African war. Mr. Chamberlain's blunt and unmannerly phrases have, he apparently believes, wrought all the mischief. This is an amazing evidence of the purely academic view which Lord Rosebery takes of the whole matter. Skilful phraseology, in his mind, could make ignoble actions seem worthy; fine words could have kept Germany and France and the United States from feeling as they do about England's attitude in the Boer war. Talk about the efficiency of Government comes ill from a statesman capable of such a pure trifler's inefficiency as that.

Let Rosebery say what he may, the Boer war lies like a frightful nightmare upon English politics. Until it is over, there is no possibility of turning out the Conservative Government. There are recent signs—chief among them the confident feeling in the financial world—that some way out of that horrible war may soon be found. Then there will undoubtedly come a readjustment of parties in England. When it does, and the Liberals look about for a new leader, it will be strange indeed if they turn to a man who has, in these times of stress, had no clear note of leadership to sound, and who has so perversely taken for his motto the advice given by Talleyrand to Thiers, "If you want to rise, make enemies."

A RELIGIOUS RIOT IN ATHENS.

ATHENS, November 23, 1901.

The Greek portion of the Eastern Church has never made any noteworthy effort to have the Bible become a popular book. The Septuagint version and the original texts of the New Testament cannot be read with ease by the uneducated Greek, because of words and constructions that are obsolete and unfamiliar to him. The Church has published and disseminated no official translation, although at least three patriarchs of Constantinople were in favor of doing so. The arguments commonly advanced here against such a translation are, that the original text should remain the palladium of Greek orthodoxy so long as a Greek people exists; that a paraphrase of it into modern Greek would be an unnecessary profanation; that the possession of the Testaments in ancient Greek is one of the special glories of the churches of Constantinople and Greece and the other Hellenic Sees of the East; that if a translation into modern Greek were sanctioned, then translations into Bulgarian and Al-

banian and Arabic and other languages of nations hostile to Greek interests would likewise have to be sanctioned, and thus the Greek division of the Eastern Church would lose her quasi-primacy and the Russians come into undisputed supremacy; finally, that a translation would be injurious to traditional orthodoxy, and therefore likewise injurious to Hellenic national aspirations. Accordingly, the opposition is based partly on religious and partly on national grounds.

Notwithstanding these reasons, specious or honest, various translations have been made and have been freely circulated in the kingdom of Greece, both by foreign Bible Societies and by native Hellenes. About two years ago, under the patronage of Queen Olga, who is notably interested in the welfare and morality of the lower people, Dr. Papadopoulos, professor in the ecclesiastical seminary here, elaborated a careful translation of the New Testament, and the Queen made an effort to have it approved by the Holy Synod of Archbishops which directs the religious affairs of Greece. The Synod did not approve of the translation, but the Metropolitan of Athens, Prokopios, was personally in favor of it, and therefore the Queen felt at liberty to cause the translation to be privately published and quietly distributed, especially to the army. Ever since that time the question regarding the usefulness or harm of such a translation has come up for occasional discussion in the daily papers of Athens; and some months ago one of the leading morning journals, the *Akropolis*, began publishing as a serial an entirely new and sensational translation, the work of Mr. Palles, a Greek merchant residing in Manchester. His translation was made in a most vigorous popular form of language, not free from slang phrases and innumerable vulgarisms. It heated the indignation of various classes of opponents, for it was offensive not only to those who on principle object to all translations, but likewise to such as were unwilling to see the Bible used as a mere advertising scheme, and to such as for other reasons, glossological rather than religious, are opposed to the style of language adopted by Mr. Palles. The *Akropolis*, in leading articles, defended the Pallesian translation. All the other journals of Athens, except the *Asty*, attacked it fiercely.

Somewhat more than a month ago, the Patriarch of Constantinople addressed a letter to the Metropolitan and the Holy Synod of Athens, exhorting them to forbid the publishing and circulating of Palles's translation and others of the same kind. The Synod, instead of conforming with this wish, resented the Patriarch's interference, and took no action. The Patriarch has no jurisdiction over the Church of Greece. The professors of the theological faculty of the University likewise sent a memorial to the Synod, asking that decision be taken against translations. The Synod still remained inattentive. At the same time Palles directed a disrespectful open letter against the Patriarch, and the *Akropolis* used the theological professors as butts for its sarcasm.

The matter seemed to be chiefly a newspaper war until, on the afternoon of November 18, eight hundred students of the University unexpectedly assembled, and, compelling the professors to stop their lec-

tures, undertook to solve by riotous force all questions involved. Their anger was directed against Pailles's translation and the *Akropolis*, which published it, against the *Asty*, which defended the translations, against the Holy Synod, which had not acted, and indirectly against Russian intriguing in Greece. Queen Olga is a Russian by birth and an active apostle of Pan Slavism, and the students imagined that her interest in the spread of the translations must in some way be a bit of Russian propaganda. The entire populace of Athens was in blind sympathy with the students. These, about two thousand in number, stormed the offices of the *Akropolis* and the *Asty*, and exacted promises that these papers would on the following day retract their defence of the translations. The promises were given, but were not kept. They gathered around the palace of the Metropolitan, and demanded that the Synod disapprove of the translations and anathematize them. The frightened Metropolitan immediately consented, and, on the following day, November 20, the Synod gave out a decision forbidding such translations and their use, without, however, adding the anathema. Because of this omission, on November 21 the students, accompanied by thousands of other men and boys, kept up the disturbance. Finally the Government, which kept detachments of soldiers and sailors drawn up in all the principal streets round the University, where the students had their headquarters, decided to interfere more energetically, and to prevent the students from leaving the University in a solid body. The result was a conflict of the students and populace against the police and soldiers. According to inadequate reports, eight were killed outright and thirty-four were wounded. For a few hours it was feared that a revolution might break out. News came over the wires announcing that the excitement had spread to the provinces, and that the men from other towns were preparing to come down into Athens. But the Government, entirely cowed, made overtures immediately to conciliate the students and the multitude, and agreed to withdraw the troops from the streets around the University.

On the following day, November 22, the bodies of the students who had been shot by the police were carried in funeral procession to the cathedral and cemetery, followed by thousands. The Government, to appease all excited spirits, promised to keep all police and soldiers away from the streets through which the funeral cortège was to pass, and kept its word. After the rites were over, the students returned to the University in a body and slept there during the following night, as they had been doing since November 18. They have stationed guards around the building, and no one is now allowed to approach save students. The Government has promised not to molest them there, if only they keep inside the premises. What the final outcome will be is not certain, but in all probability they will, after one or two days, return the keys of the University to the Rector, and this odd and disgraceful affair will be at an end. Possibly they may cause some further trouble by insisting on their demand that the Synod curse the translations. It seems, however, not easy to believe that the Synod will be so weak as to yield to such a demand made in such a

way. To satisfy the students and all others concerned, the Metropolitan was on the 22d of November ordered to resign, and he obeyed at once. DANIEL QUINN.

THE WIFE OF JUNOT.—II.

PARIS, December 5, 1901.

On his return to France, after the Convention of Cintra, Junot was not allowed to come to Paris. He was to land at Nantes or at La Rochelle, and immediately go back to Spain. Napoleon, after he had landed at La Rochelle, showed Madame Junot the translation of a paragraph from an English newspaper, conceived in these terms: "We had the good fortune to bring back to France one of the brave generals of the army of the Corsican; but he was not alone, and we were able to convince ourselves again that the East has inculcated its manners in him. His seraglio was even more numerous than in 1801; Madame F—— and the Countess d'Éga had the first place in it." Madame F—— was wife of one of the French officers then serving in Spain. Madame Junot went, nevertheless, to La Rochelle. Her meeting with her husband was painful, as they had many reproaches to make to each other. War against Austria was imminent, and Metternich had to leave France, but he continued to keep up a very active correspondence with Madame Junot. "Every week," says the "journal intime," "I had two letters, which came to me by a very safe channel."

Junot was not allowed to take part in the campaign of Wagram. He was appointed commander of the Third Corps in Spain, and had to lay siege to Saragossa before returning to Portugal. The siege, as is well known, was terrible. The Emperor, discontented with Junot, replaced him with Lannes. Marbot tells us in his Memoirs that during the siege Junot, "established in a rich convent, a league from the town, led a very gay life." When Junot returned to France, his wife found him greatly altered; he had become very irritable. He learned soon afterwards that his wife was still in correspondence with Metternich. Caroline, Queen of Naples, bribed the old maid-servant who received Metternich's letters to tell her where Madame Junot kept them. A terrible scene ensued between Junot and his wife, and the "journal intime" tells us all the details of it. In order to save appearances, Madame Junot resolved to follow her husband to Spain, where he was again sent by the Emperor. "It was I, and I alone, who wished to follow him. The Emperor at first objected, and then consented; but, I repeat, it was my own will which took me to Spain."

Junot left with his wife for Spain on the 2d of February, 1810. He stopped a few days at Bordeaux, and Thiébault says, in his Memoirs, that "Junot went there to see an actress, and, after a single visit, gave her twelve hundred francs. Thereafter, she was commonly called in Bordeaux 'the Duchess.'" Madame Junot made the journey on horseback with her husband. She had much difficulty in hindering him from fighting a duel with Masséna, the commander-in-chief of the army. Junot was with Madame Junot, at Valladolid, in the great palace constructed by Charles V., when Masséna arrived with a young mistress whom he dragged all over Spain with

him, dressed in the costume of a lieutenant of dragoons.

"Marbot," says M. Turquan, "who was on Masséna's staff, and had come in advance to prepare lodgings, warned General Junot of this circumstance; but, says Marbot, in his Memoirs, the General only laughed at my observations, saying that he and Masséna had often lodged in the same *casine* in Italy, and that the ladies would arrange matters between themselves. Junot did not know that the ladies, who often do not arrange matters with men, find it even more difficult between themselves."

Madame Junot made great objections. She did not like to be lady-in-waiting to the mistress of the old Marshal, and avoided her company. The Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès gave many particulars about the life of privation and sometimes of danger which she led in Spain. She was confined at Ciudad-Rodrigo, which was in ruins after a bloody siege, and Junot desired his son to be named Rodrigo. (This son, born on a battleground, died on one, as colonel, at Solferino, in 1859.)

Madame Junot stayed for some time in Salamanca, which was under the command of Gen. Thiébault (whose Memoirs were published a few years ago).

"It was," says Thiébault, "an inconceivable piece of good fortune, the society of so distinguished a person in Estramadura. Desirable everywhere, she was more so among those provincial Spanish ladies, the best of whom did not in education or in breeding approach our ladies' maids of good houses. She was all that our time could produce that was most amiable, literary, and brilliant; she transported a Paris salon amidst a population who seemed to belong to past ages."

Junot was recalled to France, and his wife returned with him. She immediately opened her salon in Paris and her house at Le Raincy. When the Russian war was decided on, Napoleon took Junot on his staff; he afterwards gave him, during the campaign, the command of the Eighth Corps, which he took away from his own brother Jerome. Madame Junot remained at Aix during the campaign. She received news from her husband regularly at first; then came a long silence, which was first interrupted by a letter written by Junot from Mozhaisk: "I advise you not to torment yourself on reading the bulletin of the 23d; you know well that many innocent victims have felt the fury of Vesuvius. It is a dangerous volcano. Woe to him whom he wants to strike, at the time of his eruption." "Vesuvius" was the Emperor, and the enigmatic letter showed that Junot had incurred his wrath. He had, in fact, disobeyed orders, and the Emperor, in the bulletin of October 23, 1812, made him responsible for the ill success of the movements prepared by Marshal Ney against the Russians after their retreat from Smolensk. Murat loudly complained of Junot, and found an occasion to satisfy his old grudge against him. "Junot," says Napoleon, in the 'Memorial of Saint Helena,' "greatly displeased me; I could no longer recognize him. He made some capital mistakes, which cost us very dear."

Junot was, in reality, no longer the same man, and could not console himself. The bulletin in which he had been blamed by Napoleon became a "fixed idea"; his mind became seriously affected. He received an appointment as Governor of the Illyrian provinces. His wife could not follow him; she hoped that he would find tranquillity in occupations more administrative than mili-

tary. Her hope was disappointed, and, after having given at Trieste many marks of extravagance, caused by a cerebral disease, Junot had to return to France. He came back by way of Geneva, but would not stop there. His wife was on the point of being confined, and the news she received from her husband affected her so much that a still-birth was the result. She could not go to Montbard, where Junot had stopped, but sent her brother, M. de Permon, to meet him. M. de Permon found him quite delirious. Being left alone for an instant, Junot quitted his bed, stabbed himself with a pair of scissors, and threw himself out of the window. He died from his wounds on the 29th of July, 1813.

The Duchess d'Abrantès, after thirteen years of married life, was left with four children—with many debts, too, as she, like her husband, had always been most improvident and extravagant. Junot had always counted on the boundless generosity of the Emperor, from whose hand he had received large estates in Prussia. His wife, when the Allies came to Paris, was visited by the Emperor Alexander, who offered to intercede in her behalf in order that these dotations might be preserved for her children. Hardenberg informed her, a few days after, that he would bring her letters-patent giving a new investiture of the Prussian dotations for her children, on condition that her sons should be naturalized Prussians. She refused. She asked Louis XVIII. to give her eldest son the *majorat* of 200,000 francs a year which Junot had received from the Emperor. Louis XVIII. received her most graciously, and told her he would pay to her children the country's debt to Junot.

There are curious details in M. Turquan's book on the relations which she had in 1814 with Wellington, Metternich, and others. During the Hundred Days she remained quietly in Paris, but did not go to the Tuileries. We find her in Rome in 1818. After this journey to Italy she returned to Paris, living on the small pension which she received as widow of a general. She had to leave Paris for Versailles, where life was cheaper, and Balzac, in his *Femme de Trente Ans*, gives us the exact description of her house, a large pavilion in the midst of gardens. He describes her, too, under the name of Madame d'Aiglemont, with that extraordinary abundance of items which, under his pen, are never fatiguing. The Duchess d'Abrantès was not thirty but forty years old at the time; she became the type chosen by Balzac for the woman who has lost her youth, but has still many charms, and who seems more pathetic in the autumn of her life. He made her acquaintance in the salon of Madame Sophie Gay, a literary star of her time, now well and justly forgotten. He took the greatest interest in her, and she had a great influence over him and his work; she has, in many ways, left great traces in the prodigious construction of the *"Comédie Humaine."* It was Balzac who advised her not to write novels, but to publish her Memoirs. With all their faults, these Memoirs had an enormous success; they gave the Duchess a new reputation. She was, unfortunately, always the same person, entirely unable to conform her expenses to her means. Her last years were spent in constant difficulties. Balzac was faithful to his friendship for her, and

dedicated to her in 1832 a short novel, *'La Femme Abandonnée,'* a very eloquent and suggestive title, though all his thoughts belonged now to Madame Hanska, who became his wife.

The Duchess d'Abrantès died on the 7th of June, 1838, after several years spent almost without the necessities of life.

Correspondence.

TOASTS DRUNK AND OMITTED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At a recent banquet given in New York by the Chamber of Commerce, where were present the Secretary of State, Senators, Representatives, and business men of affairs, one of the first toasts drunk was to his Imperial Highness King Edward of England. A sense of the propriety of things leads me to inquire why that toast should not have been followed by one in honor of the kingling Alphonso of Spain, whose crown we robbed of one of its brightest diadems. It is not so long since the Senate chamber echoed with fervent speeches condemning Spanish cruelties then being perpetrated upon the Cubans. Spain being a third-rate Power, matters were settled to our satisfaction. Later on, Solons in that chamber listened with indifference and without results to resolutions tendering our sympathy to the struggling little sister republics against whom King Edward's armies, under the valiant Roberts, and Kitchener, were then and are now waging a relentless warfare, imitating and adopting the mode of warfare of the notorious Weyler. An inquiry in Parliament elicited the information that the army of Roberts, on its victorious march to Pretoria, burned 600 farm-houses, and from English sources we learn that, *à la Weyler*, the great portion of the hostile South African population are now confined in concentration pens, where they are dying at an excessive rate.

For reasons given, my toast would rather be to that heroic people who are now so valiantly struggling through "the last sweet hours of freedom's morn."

N. CHRISTENSEN.

BEAUFORT, S. C., December 9, 1901.

"EQUITY'S" INEQUITABLE PLEADING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I observe from a perusal of your last issue that "Equity" is again pleading the "cause" of the Blameless Boer against the Brutal Briton. He devotes his last communication to an attempt to emphasize the "difference" of the treatment accorded to the belligerent Boers by the British and that accorded to the Confederates by the Federals during and at the close of the civil war, suggesting that that of the United States was far more humane than that of the British. He evidently is of opinion that he has proved his case by merely hinting at this supposed "difference."

Says "Equity": "The demeanor of the Federal Government, its generals and the Northern people generally towards the vanquished Confederates was generous and magnanimous. They did not insolently insist on abject and humiliating submission." Did they not? It happens, as any one acquainted with the facts very well knows,

that they did ("insolently" or not) insist upon this very thing—if "abject and humiliating submission" mean, as "Equity" evidently intends it to mean, "unconditional surrender." These were the terms of Gen. Lee's capitulation; and when Sherman took upon himself to accept Johnston's surrender, subject to a few minor conditions, his action was disavowed by the Federal authorities, and he himself censured for his action.

In every respect the terms lately offered to the Boers, and rejected by them, guaranteed as liberal treatment as that given to the South by the Northern authorities, if not more so. They were to have representative government, in which every man of them was to be represented by men of their own choice, and this without any period of probation, such as the Southern States were subjected to, and which engendered such ill-feeling toward Northern officials. No iron-clad test oath was required of them, as it was of the belligerents of the South; and in deference to their racial feeling it was stipulated that their language should be taught in the schools. This last provision was ill-advised, and will not be renewed, but every other privilege offered is theirs for the asking, or even without the asking; for, when the final surrender of the Boer leaders comes, such a form of government will be inaugurated as soon as the country has become peaceable. The only thing that was—and is and will be—refused them is such an autonomous government as would give them the legal right to invade the territory of their neighbors, as they have done before, or to keep them in a ferment of disquiet by their intrigues. Would any Northern man in the possession of his senses have been in favor of granting such terms to the Confederates?

Again says "Equity": "Nor did the Federal press and platform pour a torrent of bloodthirsty insult and menace upon the fallen. There was no hanging for disloyalty." Well, the press and the platform did not by any means sprinkle them with rose-water. Something very like "a torrent of abuse" against the secession leaders, political and military, was not unknown during the civil war, as the writer can testify to having heard and read at the time. If "Equity" be not old enough to have heard such, he may still satisfy himself of the fact by turning over a file of old newspapers. As to "bloodthirstiness," no less a personage than Gen. Sherman wrote recommending the banishment and execution of the Confederates who did not surrender within a stated period.

As to "hanging." The Boers who have been executed have been tried by the laws of war, and fairly convicted. They were one and all British subjects, and had been so all their lives. They had enjoyed all the political rights of any other British citizen, but had taken up arms against the country to which they owed allegiance. In spite of this fact, with a generosity that never would have been exercised by the people of the European nations that are now denouncing England for her barbarity, they had been treated as prisoners of war and paroled upon taking the oath of neutrality. They had broken that oath and again had gone to killing Englishmen, and were taken red-handed. At least one of them had been proved guilty of slaying

peaceable non-combatants in cold blood. Would the military authorities be doing justice to the brave men that they command if they had spared such malefactors?

"Equity" implies, in his usual fashion, that there was no hanging for "disloyalty" by the North during the civil war. He should better inform himself. The writer was living in the city of Cincinnati at the close of the war, and well remembers standing on the spot where, a few days before, a youth of seventeen or eighteen had been shot by the orders of the general in command, after a hurried drum-head court-martial, for the crime of being found with a loaded musket in his hands. This, I think, was shortly after Lee's surrender, and took place in a State which had never been the seat of war. Some time after this, the writer met Mr. Murat Halstead, who informed him that he had just come from Louisville, where he had witnessed the hanging of three Confederates. These men had been convicted of being "guerrillas," but I am confident that they had violated the laws of war to no greater extent than had the men executed in South Africa.

"Equity" has something to say of "farm burning," and insinuates that the Northern troops never resorted to this practice. If he had ridden, as has the writer, through the war-devastated regions of the South during the war, he would not have suggested such an idea. The desolated farms, with their fences, out-houses, and dwellings lying in ashes, with nothing left but the chimneys, pointing like tall fingers to the sky, would have taught him his error. Has he never heard of the Shenandoah Valley so devastated by the orders of Gen. Sheridan that, as was said at the time, a crow could not fly across it without carrying his rations with him?

ARTEUR JOHNSTON.

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA, December 5, 1901.

Notes.

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman has assumed the chief-editorship of a 'History of the New York Stock Exchange,' undertaken by the Stock Exchange Historical Company. It is expected to be ready upon the completion of the Exchange's new building.

F. Tennyson Neely will issue immediately, to subscribers only, 'Men and Memories,' by the late John Russell Young, edited by his wife.

A FitzGerald Omar, done (after the first translation) entirely on vellum, at the Astolat Press, Guilford, England, will be marketed in this country by M. F. Mansfield & Co., who have also arranged to be Mr. R. Brimley Johnson's factor on this side of the water. In still another conjunction, they are about to issue 'Fifty Bookplates Engraved on Copper' and 'One Hundred Bookplates Engraved on Wood,' done by Thomas Moring.

Mr. Berenson's 'Lorenzo Lotto,' published by the Putnams in 1895, has just been reissued, in a "revised edition, with additional illustrations," by Bell-Macmillan. The illustrations now number sixty-two, as against thirty in the first edition. A cursory inspection shows no other change in the text than the discussion of certain pictures and drawings by Lotto and Alvise

Vivarin, discovered or identified since the first publication. In the additions to the preface, Mr. Berenson shows that he is outgrowing the point of view from which the book was written, and "feels bound to confess that he now concerns himself little with the work of art as a document in the history of civilization, and laments the confusion that such an interest is apt to create between historical and æsthetic standards." In other words, he is coming gradually to have the artist's concern only with the work of art as such, and the artist's lack of interest in other and non-essential matters. The book has gained in appearance and material beauty of paper and print. There is a short table of errata, which, however, does not mention the error by which the titles of Lotto's "S. Vito" and of "A Herald" by Jacopo di Barbari have been interchanged.

Six additional volumes of Professor de Sumichrast's admirable translation of Gautier (George D. Sproul) demand fully as fervent commendation as their forerunners. Their contents, which include travels, tales, and a selection of artistic criticisms, naturally offer a great variety of styles, to each of which ample justice is done in this most careful English version. Without evading a single serious difficulty, or completely dislocating typical constructions, the translator has nevertheless succeeded in writing eminently readable English. Such passages as the descriptions of Venice, the remarks on Venetian painting, and the tales of "King Candaules," "Arria Marcella," or "The Vampire" ("La Morte Amoureuse"), are in every respect models of accurate work.

S. G. Tallentyre's 'Women of the Salons, and Other French Portraits' (Longmans) falls in the same class with Gribble's 'Lake Geneva and its Literary Landmarks,' being cheap and pert in style and extravagant in its judgments, but also handsomely printed and illustrated with portraits which are the purchaser's almost sole return for his money. The author's subjects are Mmes. Dudeffand, Geoffrin, d'Épinay, Necker, de Staël, Récamier, Sévigné, Vigée le Brun, and Napoleon's mother, with Dr. Tronchin thrown in. We quote a few phrases from the notice of Mme. d'Épinay: "Not one so characteristic of the worst side of that great eighteenth century as Madame d'Épinay"; "with the falsest smiling face that ever woman had"; her husband "was more cheerfully and good-naturedly wicked than any other Frenchman in history"; she discovered one day that he, "The 'angel,' had been giving his portrait, mounted in pearls, to Some Other Person"; "there is no sentence in history, perhaps, which reveals so total a depravity of all moral sense as this one"; "Madame had now the satisfaction of seeing every day the greatest scoundrel and genius of his time [Rousseau]"; "there was a coldness. Then she sent Rousseau some flannel for a waistcoat—to restore warmth, one may suppose." We need add no more.

Prof. Maurice Francis Egan has prepared, apparently for the use of parochial schools, 'An Introduction to English Literature' (Boston: Marlier & Co.). A text-book of English literature so arranged that the notice of Bishop Berkeley precedes by many pages the account of the 'Shepherd's Calendar' will not be taken seriously by any but those who are compelled to study it. Indeed, a work which sums up Shelley with the

remark that he "was born a poet of a very high order; he made himself a bad man," does not rise to a level where serious criticism can touch it. Professor Egan's book may be characterized for the judicious, and at the same time commended to those for whose use it was written, by the simple statement that in it Carew, Herrick, Suckling, Lovelace, Shelley, Keats, Southey, Landor, Matthew Arnold, and Clough, taken together, occupy no more space than is given to the singular verse of Robert Southwell, S. J.

'Kemble's Pickaninnies: A Collection of Southern Sketches' (R. H. Russell) forms a thin folio in this artist's well-known vein. Each plate is a character study, and a single line suffices for legend. The humor is unmarred by vulgarity or race prejudice, and the enjoyment of it need not be limited to white folks.

Uncle Remus's imitator, Raymond Fuller Ayers, abandons dialect in his 'Four-Footed Folk' (R. H. Russell), exchanges "Brer" for "Mr.," and writes as good English as he permits himself. Whoever reads his opening story, "Mr. Wildcat and Mr. Owl Go Hunting," will be favorably disposed at first, only to find a writer who is not destitute of invention needlessly indulging in slang which children should be spared and cannot appreciate. J. M. Condé's illustrations also make their best bow at the very beginning, in the frontispiece, though we must say a good word for the decorative vignette that faces the story, "Why Mr. Tiger has Stripes on his Back."

Any child will be interested in the great colored drawings of 'The Big Book of Horses and Goats,' by Edward Penfield (R. H. Russell). The jingles might easily have been improved, and illustrate a too common disregard for the rights of adults who have to read "the story" to young ears.

'Pictures from Forest and Stream,' thirty-two proof impressions (folio) selected from that journal's illustrations, are excellent half-tones from nature and from drawings of wild game (including nine bird portraits from Audubon) or aquatic sport. They are naturally of uneven quality, and on purely æsthetic grounds would not have been bound up together; but they appeal to the sportsman's taste.

In 'Stories of Bird Life' (Richmond: B. F. Johnson Publishing Company) Prof. T. Gilbert Pearson does for birds of Southern States what many writers have done for the birds of New England. He is well acquainted with the literature of his subject, and has a good deal of productive field-work to his credit. He records observations made in Virginia, North Carolina, and Florida, descriptive chiefly of the feeding and breeding habits of birds, and relating largely to birds of prey and water birds, species often omitted from popular works. Some of his sketches have the story form, and nearly all describe individual birds in particular localities. He tells of finding in Florida a bald eagle's nest that had been used for fifteen years. It was 120 feet from the ground, in a pine tree, but he reached it after an hour and a half of climbing, and inspected it and its two downy eaglets. The account of a robin drunk with the juice of china berries is one of the most interesting notes in the book, for comparatively few observers find so good

a verification of the statement that these berries are intoxicating to birds. Professor Pearson aims to teach the usefulness of birds and their right to protection. He illustrates the wanton destruction of the useful sparrow hawks and barred owls, tells of robin hunts in Tennessee that caused the slaughter of 400 innocents in a night, and describes the work of feather hunters who, on Cobb's Island, Virginia, gathered the skins of 10,000 terns in a single season to furnish forth the milliners. The book is interesting to the general reader, but is adapted to the school-room by the insertion of questions and supplementary information and suggestions. It is to be regretted that more care was not taken to avoid errors in style.

Less than two hours suffice for the perusal of the entertaining little book, entitled 'Louis Agassiz,' by Alice Bache Gould (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.). It gives the main points in the career of the great naturalist and teacher and the more prominent items of his personality. The portrayal necessarily lacks much of detail, but is thoroughly pertinent. The picture is drawn by a woman, and evidences her judgment and touch; the features that most appeal to her are deftly outlined, happiness and sunshine are dwelt upon, the shadows are more lightly suggested. One is most impressed by the industry, hopefulness, and cheerfulness, by the splendid accomplishments and the recognitions following them, and hardly notices such vexations and disappointments as may have been. In the difficult task of epitomizing, the author has succeeded admirably; and her book is comparatively free from minor defects. The name over the entrance of the museum is "Museum of Comparative Zoölogy" without the prefixed word "University" of this volume. Apparently the great Professor is not given credit enough for his first grand work in the simple statement, "He edited the *Brazilian Fishes*." This gives a poor idea of what the work really amounted to; it is a very insufficient rendering of the legend on the title-page; "Digessit, descripsit et observationibus anatomicis illustravit Dr. L. Agassiz."

The Geological Survey of Canada has begun the publication of a "Catalogue of Canadian Birds," by John Macoun, in which it is intended to enumerate all the birds of the Dominion, Newfoundland, Greenland, and Alaska, and to bring together the principal known facts in regard to their distribution, migrations, and breeding habits. The first part has appeared, and is devoted to water birds, gallinaceous birds, and pigeons. As the work aims at being popular and practical, the English names are placed first, but the species are arranged in their scientific order and in accordance with the nomenclature of the latest Checklist of the American Ornithologists' Union. It is proposed to issue the second, and concluding part as soon as possible.

The same Survey has recently published its annual report for 1898. It opens with a summary of operations during the year by the director, the late Dr. George M. Dawson, which fills 208 pages. The special reports, all of which are illustrated, are on the geology and natural resources of the country traversed by the Yellow Head Pass route from Edmonton to Tête Jaune Cache, by James McEvoy; on the geology of the

west shore and islands of Lake Winnipeg, by D. B. Dowling; on the east shore of Lake Winnipeg and adjacent parts of Manitoba and Keewatin, by J. B. Tyrrell; and on the geology of the region comprised in the "Three Rivers map-sheet," by R. W. Ellis. The south shore of Hudson Strait and of Ungava Bay, and the northern side of Hudson Strait are described by A. P. Low and Robert Bell, respectively. In the report of the section of mineral statistics and mines, Elfric D. Ingall declares the growth of Canada's mineral industries to be very encouraging. During 1898 all the metalliferous products except lead and silver showed marked increases.

The *Annales de Géographie* for November opens with an account of the recent evolution of agriculture in Europe, in which numerous statistics exhibit the increase and specialization of crops, as well as the rise of agricultural schools and coöperative associations. There is also a description of the Hungarian plain and the peculiar life of its inhabitants—townspeople in the winter, shepherds and semi-nomad cultivators of the soil in summer—a condition dating back to and the result of the Mohammedan invasion. A change is at hand, however, and, with the construction of roads and artificial irrigation, the strife between sedentary and nomadic life will cease, and the plain will become one of the richest provinces of the dual empire.

We have received—useful and valuable works all, but not amenable to literary criticism—the fourth edition of the 'Newspaper Rate-Book' of Nelson Chesman & Co. (St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Chicago), which consists of a catalogue of newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Canada having a circulation of 5,000 or over; the older, larger, and complete 'National Newspaper Directory and Gazetteer' of Pettingill & Co. (Boston and New York), for 1901; the 'American Bank Reporter' (Stumpf & Steurer), issued every ninety days, and now in its sixty-sixth year; and the 'International Cable Directory of the World, in conjunction with the Western Union Telegraphic-Code System,' published in this city at No. 30 Broad Street. This directory, now four years old, lists not only corporations and firms, but individuals, with local and cable addresses and nature of business, and is a clear economy for those who avail themselves of it.

—In a peculiar sense the December *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* is the Editor's number. It has for frontispiece a portrait of Mr. Henry Lee Higginson, whose latest munificence to the University has been the Harvard Union; and it contains the proceedings at the opening of this general college club on October 15. Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, who first projected the Union, has therefore the satisfaction of recording its realization among the news of the magazine which he conducts and had so large a share in founding also. Both Mr. Higginson and President Eliot in their speeches dwelt on the democratic intent of the new gathering-place for undergraduates, graduates, and the teaching force; and democratic its operation undoubtedly is, with the sole limitation of the annual fee of ten dollars. That it does not invent democracy at Harvard is suggested by the writer (in the same number) of "From a Graduate's Window," who takes up the common contrast of Yale and Harvard in this particular, candidly and forcibly. The

number is extremely good reading in all departments. Mr. Curtis Guild tells not fulsomely of Theodore Roosevelt at Harvard, and there are obituary sketches, with portraits, of the late Joseph Le Conte and J. B. Greenough, while Mr. F. B. Sanborn contributes his reminiscences of Prof. E. A. Sophocles, with a copy of a contemporary "caricature" (by no means gross) of that monkish but kindly scholar, drawn by Austin Flint and lithographed by Rowse—a remarkable combination of talent. Professor Hart lucidly relates the rise and fortunes of the three-year A.B. degree, and shows that it is attained by one-sixth of the students who enter and persist to graduation; and the proportion tends to grow. Amid the various official reports on the departments, Professor Storer's on the Bussey Institution and its students should not be overlooked. Here will be found a very curious comparison of the receptivity and perseverance of the three classes who seek instruction, particularly the sons of farmers and the sons of florists. Of the former, Professor Storer says that "the best of them have been sons of New England yeoman farmers, descended from the old English stock, i. e., men of that typical town-meeting pattern which many uneducated people have erroneously supposed to be as good as extinct."

—Not since the publication of the Records of the Plymouth Colony has so important a contribution to the early history of Massachusetts been made as in Mr. John Noble's 'Records of the Court of Assistants.' Unfortunately, the first volume of the manuscript records of this court has long been lost, and the present publication begins with the second, but covers the period from 1673 to 1692, during which many of the early regulations of the colony were in force. The Court of Assistants was the first form of the existing Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, and represented the highest jurisdiction in judicial matters prior to the granting of the Province Charter in 1692. Its records, therefore, give the best picture of the many questions relating to persons and property of which the Government assumed control, and throw much light upon the minute supervision exercised under a body of law strongly influenced by Biblical precept and intense religious fanaticism. The very form of complaint in criminal cases illustrates this, for it reads, "he not having the fear of God before his eyes, being instigated by the Devil"; but the temporal authorities were not overlooked, as the fault was "contrary to the peace of our sovereign Lord the King his Crown and Dignity the laws of God & of this Jurisdiction." It is on the criminal side that this book is most suggestive, and a careful study of the procedure and decisions of the court will do much to clarify our ideas of the public and private morality of the time. Whether it was a Quaker, an Indian, or a pirate, the charge and evidence as presented in the formal language of the court illustrate the attitude of the rulers towards those who had unfortunately run against their decrees.

—It would be interesting to dip into these pages for striking examples of dogmatic justice, but the opportunity is offered for dwelling rather upon the manner of their editing. Mr. Noble has long been known for his interest in the great collection of court records in his keeping, and for the

devoted care which has placed them beyond loss or injury. That is the mechanical aspect of the case, and the danger of turning editor lay in a too rigid application of mechanical rules. The result, however, disproves the fear, as the volume represents the best example of careful and scholarly editing we have seen in many a year. The old spelling and arrangement are retained, and enough of the odd symbols used by Rawson, the scribe, have been reproduced to increase the flavor of antiquity. The names of persons and places are not tampered with, either to confuse or to force upon the reader what is self-evident. The marginal notes of the original have been retained in full, and every omission and interlined word is indicated without marring the typographical appearance of the page. A page of the original record is reproduced by the photogravure process, and the hogskin cover is also shown, adding to the sense of reality as well as proving the difficulties encountered in transcribing. Finally, a very full index, almost too full for most purposes, offers a complete guide to the contents of this notable book, and amply proves the loving care bestowed upon it by Mr. Noble and his assistant, Mr. Upham. The size of the page is dignified, as suited to the matter, and the type is clear, in spite of the old letters and signs plentifully sprinkled through the lines. Altogether, it is an issue that is extremely creditable to the city of Boston and the editor, and of very high service to the student of early Massachusetts history.

—Mr. Charles Hastings's 'The Theatre, its Development in France and England, and a History of its Greek and Latin Origins' (London: Duckworth & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott) is a translation by Miss Frances Welby from the original French edition of the work, which appeared some eighteen months ago. It is the misfortune of writers upon theatrical history—that is, upon the concrete, physical factors of the dramatic art—continually to defeat expectation. Mr. Hastings has proved no exception to the rule. Despite the presence upon the title-page of the great name of Victorien Sardou, whose note of personal compliment is somewhat gratuitously prefixed to Mr. Hastings's essay, the work itself is far from satisfactory. For use as a supplementary text-book in a college course upon dramatic history it is probably sufficient, but as a treatise for the special student, or even for the general reader, its shortcomings are numerous. There is a distinct place for a compact book in English presenting a concise documentary account of the rise of the mimetic art, the development of stage properties, the historical schools of acting, the accumulation of conventional stage "business," the relation of the actor to the dramatist at various periods and in different countries, the psychological evolution in the audience, and similar matters subsidiary but indispensable to dramatic history proper. Mr. Hastings, it seems, has aimed to produce such a book, but he has fallen a little beside the mark. In the first place, there is, in the architectonic scheme of his book, a *hiatus valde deflendus*. By the general tone and temper, the confiding reader will be led to believe that the whole course of theatrical history is being unrolled to his view. But no word is said of the theatre in Ger-

many, Scandinavia, Italy, or Spain. The definitive historian of the theatre will have to consider the play-acting of each of these with the utmost care. To the stage upon which were produced the multitudinous plays of Lope de Vega and the marvellous poetic dramas of Calderon, he must pay particular heed. Moreover, there are similar lapses in the narrative even as Mr. Hastings has limited it. Of many very important matters there is scant mention or none at all. On such significant points as the relation of the masque to the later Elizabethan stage, and of the opera to the Restoration heroic play, or the part played by the *commedia dell' arte* in determining the histrionic tradition of Molière's comic stage, Mr. Hastings is especially baffling. Indeed, if there were space for more detailed criticism of this unprofitable sort, it would be a long way to the end. It is, perhaps, ungracious to complain that a serviceable text-book is not other than it is, and a permanent contribution to theatrical history; but when one contemplates this field in which the harvest is so plentiful, and the laborers numerous but inefficient, it is a cause for regret that a writer with such excellent intentions as Mr. Hastings should not have lent a more attentive ear to counsels of perfection.

—'The Diamond Necklace' (Lippincott) is a translation by H. Sutherland Edwards of M. Funck-Brentano's excellent work on this most celebrated of *causes célèbres*. Never has an intricate story been more lucidly explained. From the moment when Marie Antoinette arrived at Strassburg in April, 1770, to August, 1843, when the French courts were still perplexed by a lawsuit springing out of the too famous jewels, each figure and each incident are brought forward at the proper moment, given their place in the development of the drama, and dismissed when no longer needed. By combining the critical methods of the *école des Chartes* with the talent of a raconteur, M. Funck-Brentano creates a vivid effect, while at the same time the bounds of sober fact are not transgressed. So much evidence was taken at the time of the different trials that it becomes possible to insert passages of lively dialogue which nevertheless appear to be quite authentic, and thus extraordinary situations are reproduced in colors unborrowed from romance. Regarding the innocence of the Queen there can be no doubt, and her indiscretion is equally unquestionable. Had Vergennes been consulted, the arrest of Rohan would not, probably, have occurred, the Cardinal would have paid for the diamonds out of which he had been swindled by Mme. La Motte, and a scandal involving grave political consequences would have been averted. The Queen's dislike of Rohan, which had so long been fanned by Maria Theresa, led to the issue of a *lettre de cachet*, the Cardinal's imprisonment in the Bastille, and universal publicity. However innocent the Queen and however innocent the Cardinal, the mind of contemporaries could not be disabused of the most sinister ideas. As Beugnot says: "The great fact which dominated the whole affair was this, that M. and Mme. de La Motte had had the audacity to feign, one night, in one of the groves of Versailles, the Queen of France. The wife of the King had made an appointment with Cardinal de Rohan, had spoken to him, had given him a rose, and had suffered him to throw him-

self at her feet. That was the crime that respect for religion, majesty, morals, outraged to the last degree, could not but condemn." M. Funck-Brentano gives Rohan full credit for a kind heart and many attractive qualities, but does not spare his incredible gullibility. The daring and ingenuity of Mme. La Motte are also depicted with much force. The translation runs smoothly; but the author never intended to say that Jeanne de Valois had a "spiritual physiognomy"!

—'Washington, and Other American Addresses,' by Mr. Frederic Harrison (Macmillan), recalls a visit which was made to this country by the author in February and March of the present year. Mr. Harrison has recently been much interested in the life and works of King Alfred, but it was not through the arrangements for the Winchester Millenary that he was led to come to America. "The occasion of my visit," he says, "was an invitation with which I was honored by the Union League Club of Chicago to deliver the public address in the Auditorium of that city on the annual commemoration of the birthday of George Washington." The paper on "Washington and the Republican Ideal" furnishes the title, and in importance it is also the most considerable factor of the volume. Mr. Harrison, though in a spirit of profound sympathy, approaches Washington from the European standpoint, and his method of treatment is one which a citizen of the United States would hardly think of employing. It is perhaps on this account the more interesting; certainly the address is in a high and stimulating strain and strikes the right note for its peroration: "He anticipated the great social reformation accomplished in this commonwealth some sixty years after his death, when he freed his own estate by will from the curse of negro slavery. No man that ever bore power over his fellow-citizens shrank with a more scrupulous, more religious horror from the thought of ruling by force instead of by free choice—no man was more truly the republican to the very marrow of his bones, and was less the despot or the master. May the spirit of George Washington, the just, the free, the far-sighted patriot, inspire the people of this commonwealth in all their problems of government; guide them in all the tasks they undertake to wise and prosperous ends; enable them to crown his work when, in the words of our English historian, 'he founded a democratic republic with no shadow on it of military despotism.'" Of the other addresses, two are on King Alfred, while the remaining seven deal with such varied subjects as Lincoln, Republicanism and Democracy, the Dutch Republic, recent biographies of Cromwell, municipal government, and the nineteenth century. There is also a delightful discourse entitled "Personal Reminiscences," which the undergraduates of Bryn Mawr were fortunate enough to hear. It is bright and anecdotal, without being garrulous, and its frank admiration for the best in human genius is an invigorating tonic after the vile detraction of contemporaries which is affected by the baser journals and critics. Whatever else Mr. Harrison may or may not have learned from the writings of Auguste Comte, he has been taught by them to revere great men, and to worship the aspirations by which the noblest souls are moved.

SOME BOOKS ON ART.

Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance. By L. J. Freeman, M.A. Macmillan.

William Hamilton Gibson, Artist, Naturalist, Author. By John Coleman Adams. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Photography as a Fine Art: The Achievements and Possibilities of Photographic Art in America. By Charles H. Caffin. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Bell's Miniature Series of Painters. Edited by G. C. Williamson, Litt.D. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. (*Velazquez.* By G. C. Williamson, Litt.D. *Sir E. Burne-Jones.* By Malcolm Bell. *Fra Angelico.* By G. C. Williamson, Litt.D. *G. F. Watts, R.A.* By C. T. Bateman. *George Romney.* By Rowley Cleeve.)

Mr. Freeman's book on 'Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance' is of a kind that is somewhat rare in these days, and rather refreshing. The author has occupied himself little with history and less with connoisseurship. There is no attempt to treat of all the sculptors of the period, no attempt at complete lists of the works of the sculptors dealt with, no biography, and next to no consideration of art as an historical document, and only the minimum of reference to questions of authenticity and attribution. What Mr. Freeman attempts is criticism, pure and simple; his interest is with the work of art "as in itself it really is," not with those who produced it or with what it can tell us of the time when it was produced. The works discussed are well known, and, for the most part, undisputed, and the effort is to explain the nature of their æsthetic appeal—the kind and quality of pleasure to be received from them; and the success of this effort is considerable if not distinguished. The author's style, if neither eloquent nor fascinating, is lucid, his reasoning is sound, and his point of view eminently sane. He has produced a work not for the specialist but for the general public, and we know of no book more likely to give that public some idea of the artistic qualities of Renaissance sculpture. The illustrations are well selected, well executed, and sufficiently abundant, and we only regret the smallness of scale in a few of them which renders deciphering difficult. A plate, on a larger scale, of at least one of Della Quercia's wonderful reliefs on the doorway of S. Petronio at Bologna would have been a great addition; these reliefs having, apart from their own merit, an especial interest from their influence on Michelangelo. When we reflect that these reliefs and those of Ghiberti on the gates of the Baptistery of Florence were produced nearly a century before the ceiling of the Sistine and the Stanze of the Vatican, we see how far sculpture anticipated painting in both the force and the grace of the Renaissance.

Looking at William Hamilton Gibson from the point of view of the author of 'Nature Studies in Berkshire,' it is natural that Mr. Adams should somewhat overrate that artist's purely artistic achievement. If Mr. Ruskin's teaching were true, Mr. Gibson should have been a very great artist indeed, for, though there is no evidence of interest in geology, he studied botany with a thoroughness and a minuteness and accuracy of observation that are rare indeed. Mr. Adams holds, as did Mr. Gibson himself, that there is no little and big in nature, and that the microscope is as great a revealer of in-

finiteness as the telescope. Undoubtedly, this is true for science, but it is not true for art. A minute study of the little facts of nature may result in valuable contributions to science and interesting contributions to literature, but it has never resulted in great art. The eye "only fit," as Millais said of Ruskin's, "to judge of insects," is not the eye of a great painter. The accuracy of botanizing attributed to some of the old masters has been greatly exaggerated. Fra Angelico, or Botticelli, or the young Titian may have placed a certain number of carefully drawn flowering plants in their foregrounds, but their aim in so doing was primarily decorative—the creation of a pleasant pattern to fill, like a mediæval diaper, an otherwise empty space. They were mainly occupied with other things, with the human figure and the large balancing of masses; and as landscape art was developed, it became more and more an art concerning itself with composition and expression, with light and air and color, and less and less with the depiction of natural detail.

Mr. Gibson, then, was a naturalist equipped with the power of drawing delicately what he finely observed, rather than an artist able to observe closely when it suited his artistic purpose. He saw nature in detail, and only moderately succeeded in building his details into some sort of a whole, whereas the artist sees a whole into which he builds, on occasion, a certain amount of detail. Mr. Gibson's work is graceful, fine, intensely interesting; it is not large, massive, or truly decorative. How scientific was his naturalism it is not for an art critic to judge, but it is as a student of nature that he has interested the world. Mr. Adams has rightly placed him with Thoreau and Burroughs as a popularizer of nature study, and we suspect that his writing is of more importance than his drawing. The latter was admirable for diagrammatic illustration, and as art it had delicacy and charm, but its qualities are not of the highest order. The man, as depicted in Mr. Adams's pages, seems to have had a hearty, wholesome nature, but there is no convincing proof of intellectual distinction.

Mr. Caffin's book is an attempt, to which the treatment of particular pictures by particular men is subordinate, to prove that photography may be, and already is or is becoming, a fine art, fairly comparable in some degree with painting, sculpture, or architecture. He contends, what we should not deny, that a photographer may be possessed of artistic feeling, and may show true artistic taste in the selection of material in nature, in the posing and grouping of figures, etc. The possession of taste, however, is not enough to constitute an artist, or its display enough to constitute a fine art, and Mr. Caffin is, therefore, interested to show that photography may be creative and self-expressive, and that the art affords means of manipulation and alteration of mere record which place it beside painting as a method of expressing the individuality of the artist. He is constantly bracketing the truly artistic painter and photographer together and contrasting them with the mere recorder of fact, and he considers the mechanical action of the lens as a mere "limitation" through which the photographic artist has to work, like the limitations of construction and utility in architecture or the limitation of the power of pigment to express color and

light. He thinks that "the most important difference between the painter and the photographer is in their respective tools," and that "if he has the equipment of an artist and an artistic individuality, the photographer can . . . produce work which, barring colors, may have the characteristics of a beautiful picture."

We do not think Mr. Caffin has made out his case, or that any one ever can make it out. His error comes from a radical misapprehension, of the aim of art and the processes of the artist, which is widespread, but which it surprises us that he should entertain. This misapprehension is, that the aim of the fine arts is so to modify the record of natural fact as to express the personality of the artist and to attain to a certain harmony and beauty. This is indeed all that a good deal which passes for art attains to, and there are, undoubtedly, a good many painters whose art reaches no farther than that of the artistic photographer; but true art escapes entirely from this formula. The true fine arts aim first of all to create beauty and harmony and to express the individual feeling of the artist, and they accept of natural fact only as incidental to that end. "Both painter and photographer work from a model," says Mr. Caffin. Pardon, but they do not in the same sense. The ordinary painter may "work from a model," trying only to soften defects and to improve beauties; the great artist works "out of his head"—works from a preconceived notion of what he wishes to do, often without any reference at all to nature, and always with such reference only to help out the defects of his conception.

Even the means at the photographer's disposal for such alterations of record as Mr. Caffin seems to conceive of as the aim of art, are extremely limited. It is not necessary to go into details of processes, but what it comes to is that the photographer can blur or eliminate details, can alter light and shade, can produce effects of tone unlike those furnished him by nature. He cannot, however, to any considerable degree or with any success, alter form or composition. In these matters he can only select and arrange. His landscapes, however modified in effect, must be always topographical; his figures must be starkly naturalistic in form, and with no other composition than accident or the painful *tableau vivant* may furnish. If he should attempt the serious alteration of form, his art, whatever else it might be, would cease to be photography, though it might utilize photography, as painters sometimes—too often—do. Imagine Turner compelled to get what he could out of a picture the lines of which must be literally accurate to the facts of a given scene, or Michelangelo trying to express himself through a photographic outline of a real model, and one has a measure of the smallness of the claim of photography to be called a fine art. Even such alterations of light and shade as the tricks of the trade permit of seem to us, in the instances illustrated in this volume, to fail of real artistic result while spoiling the integrity of record; and the best things shown are "straight photographs," in which the operator has attempted no more than may be accomplished by intelligence and taste in selection and arrangement of material, choice of lighting, etc., etc.

Mr. Caffin's most astonishing paragraph is the following. He is comparing Millet's "Sewer" with certain photographs of a peasant sowing, and says:

"Can the photographer emulate the methods of the painter, even if he fail to reach his results? I am unable to see why not. Millet must have made an exhaustive analysis of the man at his work until he had mastered the salient features of the operation; then, many studies were probably executed before he reached the final formula of expression. The analysis is certainly within the possibilities of the photographer; and repeated snap-shots might take the place of sketches, until, at last, the desired result had been attained."

One might as well "emulate the methods" of the sculptor of the Medici tombs by taking repeated casts from nature in the hope of evolving another "Night."

No, photography does not, and never can, possess "the qualities common to painting, with the sole exception of many colors." There are other exceptions to be made—such as drawing, composition, imagination, creative power. The composition of the great figure painters is entirely impossible of imitation by arrangement of actual figures, as the *tableau vivant* proves; and composition of landscape is, of course, a denial of topography. The photographer may be sensitive to composition when he sees it, and may record accidental composition when he finds it, but he can never compose. The camera may record form correctly, sometimes, but it can never give us anything remotely resembling the life-enhancing and significant drawing of the masters. Photography is not a fine art because it can invent nothing. It can give us a true record or a muddled and falsified one, and it can show the taste and judgment of him who selects the facts to be recorded. It is true that many so-called artists do no more and do not do that so well. If artistic photography shall succeed in showing us the difference between their work and that of the true artists, it will have done much.

The little volumes of Bell's "Miniature Series of Painters" vary considerably in quality. The first three are admirable little works in their way, giving as much fact and as much sound criticism as could well be expected in so small a compass. Dr. Williamson's 'Velazquez' takes its tone largely from R. A. M. Stevenson's 'The Art of Velazquez,' and his 'Fra Angelico' is greatly influenced by Langton Douglas's work on that artist, though the traditional view is also recognized. In both cases the choice of a guide was judicious and natural, not to say inevitable, and we by no means wish it to be understood that Dr. Williamson has no feelings or ideas of his own. The volumes on Watts and Romney are much less satisfactory, the former dwelling on the artist's avowed didactic purpose, to the almost entire exclusion of any consideration of his artistic merits, while the latter tends to lose itself in anecdote and sentiment. The books are well printed, decently illustrated, and hideously bound.

STILL MORE NOVELS.

Bagsby's Daughter. By Bessie and Marie Van Vorst. Harper & Brothers.

Maggie MacLanehan. By Gullelma Zollinger. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Westerners. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Flood-Tide. By Sarah P. McLean Greene. Harper & Brothers.

Blue-grass and Rhododendron. By John Fox, jr. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Laird's Luck. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Calumet K. By Merwin-Webster. Macmillan.

The Making of Jane. By Sarah Barnwell Eliott. Scribners.

In the opening scene of 'Bagsby's Daughter,' the hero first meets the heroine at an afternoon reception in a Chicago drawing-room. After the introduction, she retreats to the library and ensconces herself in a crimson leather chair, to bend intently over the score in following the music of a Hungarian orchestra. (Young girls do this at afternoon teas. In the words of the old-time showman, "My brother has often seen them myself.") The hero, as he prettily says, follows her when she departs to follow the score, and invites her to come to the window for the view. Having conducted her thither, he says: "Miss Bagsby, will you be my wife?" This seems to indicate farce, but the hero means it; the heroine says yes, after considering for two pages (large type). Dutiful papa, the conscientious and wealthy manufacturer of Bagsby's Capsules, assents, and the marriage takes place in a few days, as the hero has a pressing engagement in London. The trousseau is as miraculous as if papa's factories turned out lingerie instead of pills. So far, the wonder has grown from page to page how a grown-up novel between real covers is to be evolved from beginnings that are certainly not without money, but, so far, without great price. Yet on it goes with burlesque jumps, taking itself more and more seriously, getting more and more involved in incident and situation. Pastas come up; innocent but evil-seeming travellers lose their steamers, rich men their fortunes, ladies their jewels, husbands their wives' London addresses—in short, everything is lost save honor; and that at moments is strayed and stolen. The principals, however, settle down to story-book bliss after a wild-goose chase, mental, moral, physical, and literary, leaving the reader uncertain whether he has been at the vaudeville or the grand opera. The indecision between comic and serious is fatal; the overplus of clothes and local manners is unhappy. ("Every detail of his get-up was faultless, conventional, but worn with a personality which gave even his pockets charm"—and he the mere sub-hero!) The secret of the hero's past is rather neatly concealed, and, as secrets go, a good one. Its disclosure by the jealous woman in as frantic a desire to help the hero as she has hitherto shown to hurt him, is a device well-worn, but one that grows no more probable with the using. There must be merit in the book, for the reader undeniably wants to know how it is coming out; though why he should care, it is not given him to understand.

From fiction which we have found at moments juvenile, we turn to fiction for juveniles in the shape of 'Maggie MacLanehan,' a sturdy little story of an Irish girl who made her way in the world by sense and work. Noteworthy sane is its moral of concentration, whether one is picking strawberries or cooking beefsteak; equally sane and even more noteworthy in young people's literature "as she is wrote," are

the facts that Maggie feels no mission to reform her elders, and that the rich, childless couple do not adopt her, but that her reward comes in opportunities for more work. The humble Irish folk who form the *dramatis personæ* are genially drawn. It is a healthful story for girls and possibly some boys.

Mr. White's book, 'The Westerners,' is of Indian wars and mining-camps in the early seventies, and shows an intimate understanding of both on the author's part. He seems to be writing from the inner consciousness of Indian, of half-breed, of frontiersman, and prospector, so as to be instantly felt as an authority. The long-planned and elaborate revenge of a half-breed for a wrong done him by a scout is the motive of a long and elaborate study of a complicated yet one-idea'd personality. If it is hard for the reader to accept all that is told him of nourished and fiendish vindictiveness, yet he is compelled to belief by the author's terse "You may not understand this unless you have known a half-breed, but it is true." Contrasted as a race-study is the picture of the young girl Molly, born of New Englanders and brought up among Indians, in ignorance of her origin—Molly, whom Lafond tries to make as base as her surroundings at the mining-camp simply that he may tell her of her ancestry and gloat over her humiliation; Molly, saved from disaster at the critical moment by the promptings of instinct, while punishment in its most horrid form overtakes the evil-doer. Other portraits there are, startling in relief and color, even where they merely appear for an instant. The author's feeling in relation to Government breaches of contract with the Indians finds brief but emphatic expression. A moment of breathless psychological interest is that when the dead face of the massacred Custer smiles up at the baffled Indian, who, in that instant, perceives that his race's seeming victory is really defeat. Throughout the story, whether in the characters or in their surroundings, there is abundant power. The fault of power is found, too, in an overplus of material—of antecedent biography, of incident, episodes, horrors; so that, while nothing is feebly done in this remarkable work, it suffers from congestion. One must approach it in a strong mood, for there is much that is horrible, little that is lovely, while yet one feels that all may be true.

To readers of 'Cape Cod Folk' and 'Vesty of the Basins,' it is not necessary to describe the salient attractions in Mrs. Greene's 'Flood-Tide.' They will expect and find a rare treat in fisher-folk portraiture; a salty coast, the winds "a-breezin'"; life, love, and death in simple, solemn guise as they come to dwellers by the sea; boundless humor shown in figures that are matchless, speaking a dialect that is peerless. The city-bred and the moneyed ones are less happily drawn, but they are a needed foil, perhaps. We wish the writer would forego a certain preciosity of language, too often found in books of the sagaciously tender tone of this. We wish she would not say; "She glanced at him with contempt spotless of reproach," nor "She cherished herself, drawing the wrap closer"; nor "conspicuous traveller"; nor "glimpsed" for "seen" (the reverse of precious, this); nor "conquery" for conquest. A noun is a name, and is not *ex officio* ac-

accompanied by an adjective. These criticisms, however, are spotless of any conspicuous reproach, and do but free the reviewer's conscience. That done, there is nothing but delight in the fisher people and their ways, of week-days and of Sundays. Who can read of them and not long to sit on an inverted pail at the spring with all the other drawers of water, and "converse with the ease of those for whom fretful time has ceased and bland eternity begun"? Think what it would be to talk over the "topic" one had been "put under" by the "saints" for the coming Sunday. And what to hear Dorna say, "So 'tis as 'tis, and it can't be no 'tiser," or oh, desirable Dorna! "The lambness of a steer is like Sodom and Gomorrah to all them that puts their trust therein." And, for soberer mood, to lean on the strength of the great-hearted Infra or the cheery trust of Capt. Abe, whose doctrine was, "When ye've turned the evil inter good, then ye've killt it."

There has not, to our knowledge, been written a more illumining document upon Kentucky open-air life than Mr. Fox's little book of sketches. Of Kentucky life we inadvertently said; but there is quite as much of death as of life in this graphic history. (The bearing of this observation lies in the application of it.) From men to 'coons there is hardly a chapter without its glut of "kill." The Kentucky mountaineer kills his enemies among the rhododendrons; the Blue-grass lad and lass kill their foxes. The pages are punctured with rifle and pistol shots, even as we learn that the tavern sign-boards are, in the mountain towns. These, however, are familiar features in stories of the region. Where Mr. Fox has given fresh and valuable matter to think about is in the pedigree he suggests for the mountaineer's customs, traits, and codes, and the fair showing he makes of the lights whose shadows we already know. This pedigree he finds first of all in the mountains themselves, reminding us that mountains have always imparted, as a birthright, isolation, individualism, and the necessity for righting wrongs outside the law. To these influences may be traced the feud, characteristic of the Kentuckian above other mountaineers, who know it, indeed, but not in so persistent and deadly a type. "It is not a wild fancy," he writes, "that the Kentucky mountain feud takes root in Scotland"—meaning that the instincts of the Revolution, the Whig and Tory wars, the clansmen's code, were handed down as instincts to wreak themselves upon the hostilities of to-day. Thirty years of local war resulted from a boy's making fun of a patch on another boy's trousers about thirty-five years ago, the factions fighting on after the cause had been forgotten. Intenser, too, than with other mountaineers is the Kentuckian's every trait, good and bad. If he is more fierce, bitter, and, "when he is mean," mean, so is he more proud, hospitable, and loyal; he has his religion, "sternly orthodox and literal," shooting and praying in a breath. A curious fact, simple enough when once noted, is that, after the failure of Baring Brothers and the accompanying stop to the influx of English capital, with the interruption to railroading and civilizing, feuds that had been checked in '90 and '91 slowly started up once more.

Strikingly interesting is Mr. Fox's account

of the formation of the first law-enforcing guard, made as it was of young Blue-grass men going up into the mountains to make their fortunes in the iron and coal mines. In a sketch of terrible picturesqueness he tells how this police guard of gentlemen secured the first "victim to law and order" in the border region between Virginia and Kentucky, "two sister States whose skirts are there stitched together with pine and pin-oak along the crest of the Cumberland." There is no page of all the book without its visible picture, its revealing incident. Tropical flowers of rhetoric are happily absent, but Mr. Fox is a poet, and even a lyric poet, when, as now and then, his theme permits; yet he does not poetize when he means prose. His manner fits his matter—fresh and springing like blue-grass; sturdy and stinging like rhododendron. His book is a little masterpiece of evidence, in a case profoundly interesting to Americans and others.

A "Q" is not discovered every day, nor may one in reason expect a discovery in every new volume from "Q's" hand. It is perhaps as a rebound from unreasonable anticipation that one explains a certain disappointment in the book of stories entitled "The Laird's Luck." They are ingenious and original; they are written with "Q's" most facile and descriptive pen, and still, as one reads, one is half inclined to think that here is one more "nobleman gone wrong" on the modern hobby of ancient adventure. True, subjects, scenes, and excitements lack neither distinction nor the effect of probability that only an artist can give to wild and moving tales. But the documentary evidence is almost too complete; we have the witnesses summoned and sworn unto the third and fourth generations; while the tale-within-tale method is followed in a way that even the Arabian Nights has never succeeded in making attractive. The fearsome story of buccaneering in Panama is one of the best and best-told of the number. Another is the concluding story, where myth and legend on the Cornish Coast bring Mr. Quiller-Couch to the field of many of his most shining successes.

The building of a grain elevator does not at first sight seem to open up opportunities for romance, but the authors of 'Calumet K' have succeeded in making industrial life furnish a tale full of dramatic incident. With a corner in wheat depending on the erection of a huge elevator by a certain date, with unfriendly railroads and frequent possibilities of strikes, there is no lack of occasions for the resourcefulness of the hero. Bannon, the foreman, on whom the issue of the work depends, is a genuinely American type. His passion is the overcoming of obstacles and the management of men. A love affair with the stenographer is only an incident between two jobs, and is inserted as a concession to the taste of the general reader. The grain-elevator, "Calumet K," is the real heroine, and the reader's attention is fixed on the problem that exercises Bannon, and its triumphant solution. This is perhaps the sort of fiction that will one day supplant the sword-and-ruffles variety. At any rate, no one who thinks that great industrial enterprises are interesting could find 'Calumet K' dull reading. It has the wind of real life blowing through its pages, and we com-

mend it to those who grow weary of the perfumed airs of historical fiction.

'The Making of Jane' is a rather long study in individualism. Jane's aunt, Mrs. Saunders, is a repulsive individualist, while Jane is meant to be an attractive exponent of the creed. We cannot say that we like Jane much better than her aunt. To sacrifice luxuries for the sake of having one's own way, even if it entails discomfort and hard work, is merely another form of selfishness. Nor are Jane's adventures as a school-teacher in the South, as a milliner, and finally as a manager of a large department store, convincing. Life is not made so easy, nor are chances of work so abundant, for a young woman who, without any previous training, abandons the delights of Newport and New York for the novel pleasure of developing herself. Of course, she ends by marrying a millionaire, which is precisely the ending that real life would not have supplied, since real life does not offer the charming coincidences and eligible openings that console us in fiction.

KINGS OF THE ROD.

Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun. By "Thormanby." London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1901. 2 vols., 8vo. With portraits and illustrations.

The above title fails to indicate the most interesting features of a series of biographies which include men far better known in other departments of life than that of sport, together with many details and incidents of general interest hitherto unpublished. There are twenty-five of these sketches—among others, of Walton and Cotton; the Rev. W. B. Daniel, author of 'Rural Sports,' Col. Peter Hawker, Christopher North, Sir Humphry Davy, William Scrope, Sir Samuel Baker, Landseer, Millais. The article on Walton and Cotton, which follows "The Fathers of Angling," is second in information and interest to none of the many which preface the Waltonian editions or have an independent existence. "Thormanby" thinks Cotton to have been incomparably a better sportsman than his friend Walton, and that it was marvellous to find two men, so utterly dissimilar in their lives and character, firm and affectionate friends. Walton, except for his amiable and interesting tendency to draw the long bow, which probably came from his excessive credulity, was a man of the most exemplary character and pure life. "I love such mirth," he says, "as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning." Cotton, on the contrary, was a "roystering, dissipated, reckless young squire," who says on one occasion in his later life:

"I speak it with tears: I've been a toss-pot these twenty good years, And have drunk as much liquor as made me a debtor."

Withal, Cotton was a "generous, free-handed, big-hearted gentleman, whose purse, cellar, and larder were ever at the disposal of a friend." He assisted the luckless poet Richard Lovelace for years, rescuing him twice from prison, and, towards the end of Lovelace's life, when near poverty himself, sending him twenty shillings weekly as he lay slowly dying.

That interesting character, so dear to Scotsmen, as an author and angler, Thomas

Tod Stoddart, is the subject of a most interesting-fifty pages. One of his best angling songs, "The Taking of the Salmon," is apparently misquoted; at least, "Thormanby's" version is quite different from and inferior to that in Stoddart's 'An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs.' Stoddart was a friend of Professor Wilson, who has immortalized his famous "Gaelic Sermon" in 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' Stoddart did not know a word of Gaelic, but he once heard an eloquent Highland minister deliver a sermon in that tongue in such a dramatic and impressive way that he grasped the meaning; and so great was his power of mimicry that he was able to reproduce every gesture and sound with such marvelous fidelity that a party of Highland drovers who overheard him give the sermon to some friends on board the *Clansman* (that historic craft), listened entranced, never doubting it was Gaelic they heard.

The essay on "Christopher North" is a fitting tribute to that remarkable man, and full of fascinating details of his versatile accomplishments. No kind of sport or amusement seemed amiss to him. When at Oxford he jumped twenty-three feet, across the Cherwell, which was unbeaten until six years ago; and in his day there was no one in the three kingdoms who could approach him as a jumper. As a boxer, "Thormanby" says: "He was one of the best amateurs of his day, and no undergraduate of his time could take a diploma in boxing unless Wilson had tried him and awarded him a certificate of merit." On one occasion a professional pugilist of note obstructed Wilson's passage across a bridge. "Will you fight me?" exclaimed the angry undergraduate. "You'd better not try that game on, mister. I'm Tom So-and-so." "I don't care who you are, come on." Then each put up his fists, and at it they went. The professional was licked, and as he surlily gave in, said: "You must either be the devil or Jack Wilson of Magdalen." "The latter, at your service," quoth the victor, and the pair of them adjourned to a neighboring tavern and quaffed a friendly pot of porter together. Among Wilson's pedestrian feats was a night walk from London to Oxford in nine hours, from Liverpool to Elleray, his home, within twenty-four hours, a distance of about eighty miles; and from Kelso to Edinburgh, forty miles, to attend a public dinner. As a shot he was equally eminent. In 'Recreation' he tells of having killed fifty grouse in fifty successive shots, one bird to each shot. In angling, however, Wilson found his greatest and most enduring delight, and this pastime he kept up until the end of his out-of-door life. Even in his later hours, his daughter says: "It was an affecting sight to see him busy, nay quite absorbed, with the fishing-tackle scattered about his bed, propped up with pillows—his noble head yet glorious with its flowing locks carefully combed by attentive hands, and falling each side of his unfaded face."

"The Cokes of Holkham" is really devoted to Thomas William Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, "the father of modern agriculture." When member of Parliament, Coke was of the minority who voted against the American War, in 1776, and he moved and presented the petition to the King for the independence of the colonies. In recognition of this, Mr. Stephenson, the United

States Ambassador, paid a visit to Holkham, for the purpose of offering, in the name of his countrymen, their "grateful acknowledgment to the man who had acted so early and so noble a part in vindication of America." Coke's numerous and successful experiments in scientific agriculture, which resulted in the transformation of his estate of 44,000 acres of poor and barren soil into the richest arable land in Norfolk, and in an increase of annual rental from £2,000 to £20,000, were the prime incentive to the advanced agricultural methods now prevailing in England. As a sportsman Mr. Coke was considered the best game shot of his day. Among his feats was that of killing 82 partridges in 84 shots, and it was at Holkham that the famous sculptor Chantrey performed his memorable feat of killing two woodcock at one shot, which was considered the more remarkable as he had but one eye, and that the left one. When sixty-eight years old, and for twenty-one years a widower, Mr. Coke married his goddaughter, a girl of eighteen and a daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. By her he had five sons and a daughter, and the eldest of the sons is the present Earl of Leicester, succeeding his father, on whom the title was conferred when he was eighty-three years of age.

The exploits of Lord Kennedy and Capt. Horatio Ross were almost entirely of a sporting nature, but their recital introduces many interesting details of life in Britain in the early part of this century. George Osbaldiston is alluded to, but, rather strangely, a sketch of him is omitted, though it is not missed amid the wealth of other good matter. Sir Humphry Davy, we learn, used to go fishing in an entire suit of green cloth, which he thought from its color more likely to elude the observation of the fish; and his brother says, as to his patience and perseverance: "I remember fishing with him from early dawn to twilight in the River Awe, in June, for salmon, with little interruption, without raising a fish." This must have meant sixteen to eighteen hours at least of hard, fruitless labor. Sir Richard Sutton, so eminent as a Master of Hounds, was at the same time a wonderful shot, as the following anecdote will show: He was once sitting on his shooting pony during a shower, with his gun in his right hand and an umbrella over his head in his left, when a covey of birds rose at about thirty yards' distance. Without losing hold of the umbrella, Sir Richard killed a bird with each barrel.

In the sketch of Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman*, who, "Thormanby" says, was "something far more than a great editor: he was the greatest Scottish force of his generation; greater even than Norman Macleod or Thomas Guthrie, because he appealed to the Scottish head as well as to the Scottish heart," this story is told:

"On one of his fishing holidays, Russel met a clergyman with whom he had the following colloquy: 'Do you ever fish?' asked the editor of the *Scotsman*. 'Yes,' replied the man in black, with a peculiarly sanctimonious smile, 'but I do not fish for salmon or trout, I am only a fisher of men.' 'I am afraid,' rejoined Russel, 'you don't make much of it, then, for I looked into your creel on Sunday, and there was very little in it.'"

With this we will end our notice of two captivating volumes, the half of whose rich-

ness still remains untouched. They are well worth reading by any one fond of sport and of reminiscences of well-known and slightly known personages, charmingly told.

FAMOUS BRITISH HOMES.

More Famous Homes of Great Britain and their Stories.—Other Famous Homes of Great Britain and their Stories. Edited by A. H. Malan. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1900. Pp. xx+337. 1901. Pp. xxv+352.

Two years ago we reviewed in these columns the first volume of this series, and there are now before us the second and third, whose titles are the same as that of the first, with merely an addition of the words "More" and "Other." Each volume is, in fact, composed of wholly separate papers treating of wholly distinct individual subjects, namely, the different great mansions of England; and these papers are by many different authors. Much the greater number are by the editor, A. H. Malan, but others are by the owners of the great houses in question or by persons closely connected with them. Thus, Knole is described by Lord Sackville, the owner; Glamis by Lady Glamis; Mount Edgumbe by Lady Ernestine Edgumbe, and Rufford Abbey by Lord Savile. As the essays differ greatly from each other, so do the illustrations, for Wilton House, which is described by the Countess of Pembroke, is illustrated by sixteen photographs, to which must be added two other photographs of famous paintings in the house; whereas the immensely important subject of Knole and its contents has but one photographic illustration, and is otherwise rendered in reproductions of drawings which, however accurate, are not at all the same thing as photographs when it comes to questions of delicate seventeenth-century furniture and decoration. There is one interesting feature which seems worthy of mention—the table of contents, in which a brief summary of what is notable concerning each home is given, and the position of the author with relation to the building named. An additional good quality is to be made much of, namely, that, although the papers are of such a character that they would almost seem destined to be wordy and "gushing," this fault is conspicuous by its absence. How the editor has contrived to persuade his noble contributors to write simply and modestly about their own mansions, and how he has managed himself to avoid undue emphasis in his treatment of the buildings and their contents, in spite of the influence of the powerful families controlling them, must remain unexplained, except by his own reputation for good taste and dignity as a critic. In short, the series, consisting now of three large octavo volumes, with hundreds of illustrations, is to be accepted with far greater confidence than the look of the thing, or the title, would lead one to give to a work of such a character. Books about "Gentlemen's Seats" are usually such dreadful rubbish that it is very hard to shift the mental attitude and to accept the books before us as really valuable contributions to the architectural history of England and Scotland, as well as to that very curious and elusive study called Family History.

Each volume contains twelve essays, and is concerned with twelve mansions, and it

seems worth while to name them. The following, then, have been treated by the editor, namely, Blickling Hall, Cotehele, Longleat, Naworth Castle, and Inverary, all in the second volume of the series; and in the third volume, Dunvegan alone. By persons closely connected with the houses described are the papers on Knole in Kent; Glamis, with its mystery known only to the Earl of the day, his eldest son, and one confidant; Levens Hall in Westmoreland; Mount Edgcombe at Plymouth, beloved by Charles Kingsley; Wilton House in Wiltshire; Rufford Abbey in Nottinghamshire; Compton Wynyates, described by Miss Alice Dryden; Wollaton, the house with the lofty hall rising like a tower above the other buildings, described by Lady Middleton; Castle Bromwich, by the Countess of Bradford; Castle Howard, a famous piece of classical designing, the masterwork of Vanbrugh, by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower; Osterley Park, near London, by the Countess of Jersey; Clumber in Nottinghamshire, by the Duchess of Newcastle; Audley End, by Elizabeth J. Savile; Dunrobin Castle, by the same author as Castle Howard; Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire; Dalkeith Palace in Scotland, St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, and Stowe in Buckinghamshire, each by some person closely connected with the estate itself. All of those papers which we have as yet had time to examine are written in a simple and pleasant style, and, though differing greatly in merit, when considered as instructive accounts of a great building and its contents, or as pieces of English history, are still worthy of their place in a collection which maintains a proper standard of literary merit.

One has to be a student of art to appreciate to the full the extraordinary gathering of treasures which certain ones of these great houses offer to the visitor. We cannot help returning to Knole as being the well-known shelter of the greatest collection of ancient furniture in England. Not only are the carved cabinets and sideboards and ponderous tables of old time carefully preserved, but the upholstery of James I.'s reign is in place, the crimson velvet turned gray, and even more lovely for the change, the passementerie and tassels tarnished, but in perfect preservation. Paintings of very considerable importance, not all of them family portraits, hang on the walls of the long gallery, and the ball-room, and the drawing-room. Recent centuries have added to the ancient stock of artistic treasures a collection of porcelain, a collection of furniture by the famous makers of the eighteenth century, tapestry and gorgeous silks. And all this is housed in a castellated structure enclosing two greater and several smaller courts, and adorned within by the fitting decoration of staircases, screens, plaster ceilings, oak wainscotings, and the like to an extent and with a uniformity of excellence that makes the house more than a museum—that makes it something which America has not yet seen, and may never see: a palace perfect in itself and in its appointments.

Osterley Park is almost altogether an eighteenth-century mansion, so completely was it remodelled by the famous Robert Adam and his brothers. Grandeur, therefore, is not what this mansion pretends to; but order, symmetry, the dignity of reserve, are all given you in Osterley, and it is especially fortunate that we have these eight

photographs of the house within and without, inasmuch as a house so near London as this is must needs be kept shut up and shown to visitors only under exceptional circumstances. It is, moreover, ignored by the guidebooks, which deal with every county in England except Middlesex, while Middlesex is lost in London, and all extra-metropolitan regions are ignored.

Audley End is an unspoiled Elizabethan mansion, although it is not now exactly as it was first built between 1600 and 1615; and here are pictures of singular importance, the portraits alone being of merit sufficient to make the house famous, while the pictures in the long gallery prevent the curious visitor from seeing the extraordinary display of treasures in cases and on tables which this long room also presents.

At Dalkeith Palace is Reynolds's "Pink Boy," not necessarily painted, as tradition has it, in competition with Gainsborough's painting having a similar name, but interesting enough by itself; and here are other paintings, too, in great numbers, which fortunately have interested the photographer so much that a large number of them are given in very tolerable half-tones. All these, and many other portable treasures of art, are enshrined here within the most sombre and unattractive eighteenth-century house that can be imagined, but its gravity may be thought to suit the rainy climate which is given to the neighborhood of the "gray metropolis of the north"; and certainly the noble trees which reach almost to Edinburgh are there for our admiration if the exterior of the house itself be unattractive.

In this manner is given a much needed addition to the ordinary architectural histories such as we have had to review in recent numbers of this journal; with the single exception, noted in our review of two years ago, that no plans of the stories are to be had, nor even, except in one or two cases where there has been copied an old print in bird's-eye view, anything which can give the student a general sense of what the building is. This is the more to be regretted because few are the books in which any of these plans can be found. One folio volume known by the misappropriated title, "Vitruvius Britannicus," and published in 1847, gives plans of Woburn Abbey, Hatfield House, Hardwicke Hall, and Cassiobury Park. Sutton Place, Guildford, is given in a series of measured drawings in connection with Frederick Harrison's admirable monograph, "Annals of an Old Manor House." Shaw's "Elizabethan Architecture" offers a few partial plans; and further aid is afforded by the recent folio books of Belcher and Macartney, and Gotch, as well as in Blomfield's "History of Renaissance Architecture in England," though the plans here are usually taken from drawings in old collections, and are not of necessity up to date. In fact, the same curious indifference to their own national archaeology which is characteristic of Englishmen of thought and research, and which has been the cause of almost no ruined abbeys or partly destroyed castles having been studied spade in hand by any investigator, allows a valuable book such as this to appear without the essential information to be had only from measured drawings. There is, of course, to be considered the natural reluctance of the occupants of a home, however stately, to have

the arrangements of their sitting-rooms made clear to the world; but the reluctance is easy to overcome in most cases, and would disappear of itself in the face of anything like a serious interest in the architectural problems involved in the plan and structure of these ancient mansions.

Heroines of Fiction. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers.

These two volumes constitute Mr. Howells's most extensive and important contribution to critical literature. Though the *Heroines* receive particular attention, he really passes in review the whole work of the most distinguished English novelists, from Richardson to Mrs. Ward, including in their company a few Americans. It is a case where the distinction between English and American must be noted, because the author's point of view compels its recognition, and is itself, perhaps, most acutely the distinction. What comes out most sharply is the American view of the right use of fiction, of its importance in literature, and of the methods by which its best and most enduring effects may be attained. This is the view which Mr. Howells would perhaps most wish to emphasize; but one consequence of his attitude, whether deliberately or unconsciously taken, is that his judgment of English novelists is, in several directions, and especially with reference to their art, or want of it, more interesting as the judgment of a foreigner passionately attached to his own canons of art, than just in the way that even a less appreciative and approving Englishman could be just.

The difference underlying disagreement about the values of æsthetic principles and artistic methods seems to rest, if not on a scant sympathy with the people by and primarily for whom English fiction is (or at least has been) written, certainly on an imperfect understanding. To Mr. Howells the novel appears the most serious and important form of literature, and its function is to represent life (limited by the deencies) with accurate and unsparing truth. "Thackeray," he says (more in sorrow than in anger), "would talk of fiction as fable-land, when he ought to have known it and proclaimed it the very home of truth." To make the novel a thing of worth and beauty there is, he contends, only one method, the objective, impersonal method. The author's business is to represent. He must not intrude directly his personal opinions or feelings; he must not explain his characters or action, or comment upon them; he must just fling a bit of life without notes at the reader and leave him to make what he likes or what he can out of it. Very little stress should be laid on what the people in this bit of life do; they should, indeed, do nothing, if possible, because, through a representation of psychological states, the mystery of being may be more positively declared and the novel elevated to a proper supremacy among literary forms.

In respect to the use of the novel, Mr. Howells expresses the prevailing view of the American public; and in respect to the art, he expresses the American literary view derived from the French. Whether these views are the soundest, best, and final, and should, therefore, be vehemently urged for universal acceptance, is arguable, but must

be left to combative spirits with plenty of space at their disposal. Here we can find fault with them only in their bearing on Mr. Howells's judgments of some great English novelists, in their relation to his reiterated belief that those novelists would have been greater if they had cherished such views and conscientiously illustrated them, and in their constant provocation of his surprise that novelists with a somewhat frivolous conception of their vocation, practising false, blundering, ridiculous, even vicious methods, ever achieved any greatness at all. This judgment seems to us most interesting and faulty because, as we have said, it implies failure of intimacy with Anglo-Saxons at home, and has the quality of a foreign judgment. It is not a question of a degree of greatness that transcends the limit of race and language and defies time, but of that inferior degree appealing chiefly to one race and influencing most profoundly one generation. The English people at home are romantic and sentimental in action, very staid and prosaic in opinion. They like to do without reasoning why; and, in their novels, which they regard primarily as a means of distraction; they seek a reflection of their temperament. They demand that things shall be kept going at a pace; they have very little curiosity about mental states, and psychology is an amusement or fad tolerated in a small class but past understanding of the general. They are keen on the story, and, if there must be edification or reflection or moralizing, they like the author to give it in doses. They then know where to skip without loss. To the cry of art in prose they are indecently callous, whereas in poetry they respond to it instinctively.

The great novelists of the nineteenth century did not spring from the aristocracy or from an exclusive literary class. They belonged to the people, and the methods they adopted were their natural methods through which they could express themselves most clearly, and by which their public could be most readily and profoundly influenced. We cannot agree with Mr. Howells that Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray would have been greater had they been different, or that they would have delighted to write in conformity with modern Continental and American theories of art, if only they had known how. English prose has indeed always thriven in a state of anarchy as to art, and an English author, like an English judge, has always the privilege of establishing a precedent. The novelists especially have used this privilege, instinctively yielding to the will of the people, knowing, perhaps, that an arbitrary method would result only in their rejection as alien, and that, if they should insist on writing by rule, they would be read only by a limited class, while their greatness would be a matter to be searched for by posterity in library shelves, between the cracking covers of a first and only edition.

It is not possible to go into the personal preferences and prejudices expressed by Mr. Howells, though they are, of course, worth reflection and contradiction. He extends greater leniency than of old to Sir Walter Scott, but cannot help showing how much he dislikes the spirit of that conscienceless romancer's work and despises his method. He cannot, however, bring

himself to speak tolerantly of Thackeray's 'Esmond,' nor to see the use and beauty of an aristocracy; while towards the Stuarts, especially Prince Charlie, he maintains an austere contempt, an implacable hostility.

In his selection of heroines of American fiction, Mr. Howells's obligation to ignore his own constitutes a great loss to the interest and completeness of his volumes. "Novelists," he remarks repeatedly, "are great in proportion to the accuracy and fulness with which they portray women." Again we hear the national note, and, as we recall Mr. Howells's numerous and admirable portraits of women, we feel no inclination to disown or qualify it.

The volumes are profusely and, on the whole, agreeably illustrated, though, like the text, the point of view is sometimes too national to do the subject justice. The Vicar of Wakefield's Sophia is endowed with aggressively modern and American beauty, and to Gwendoline Harlett is given an air and a bodice like unto those of the up-to-date girls of *Life's* society legends.

The Fireside Sphinx. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

The cat was created in the Ark, as the legend goes; and the Garden of Eden, where the comforts of home were incompletely organized, lacked the small inscrutable goddess of the hearth in whose honor Miss Repplier has compiled these entertaining chapters. The Egyptians, true to their love of all animals, literally adored dogs and cats. "When the family cat dies," says Herodotus, "they shave the eyebrows; when the dog dies, they shave the whole body and head." The Greeks, from Odysseus down, loved the dog, but Pussy came late to ornament Greek civilization. She was a caprice even then, not a necessary, as we see from the lament of the lover who lost his mistress because he would not buy her a kitten. We quote Graham Tomson's charming version:

"Arsinoë the fair, the amber-tressed,
Is mine no more;
Cold as the unsunned snows are is her breast,
And closed her door.
No more her ivory feet and tresses braided
Make glad mine eyes,
Snapt are my viol-strings, my flowers are faded,
My love-lamp dies.

A little lion, small and dainty-sweet
(For such there be!),
With sea-grey eyes and softly stepping feet,
She prayed of me.
For this, through lands Egyptian far away,
She bade me pass:
But, in an evil hour, I said her nay;
And now, alas!
Far-travelled Nicias hath wooed and won
Arsinoë
With gifts of furry creatures, white and dun,
From over sea."

The rejected youth probably shared the cynicism of the Greek in the comedy who says to an Egyptian acquaintance: "We really have nothing in common; if you see a sick cat, you shed tears, while my only thought is to kill it and get the skin."

The mediæval cat was rather feared than loved, and Miss Repplier's sprightly tales of her persecution are sad reading. Not even to-day has the cat wholly triumphed over her past. The pampered minority may tyrannize over the modern household as they tyrannized over the meek Egyptians; but you have only to watch a cat cross a street to realize that she has acquired that distrust and shrinking caution through the persecutions of all the centuries. The cat has long been the cherished companion of the literary man. It

is a far cry from Cowper to Baudelaire; but, if they have not a single other idea in common, their feeling for the fireside Sphinx makes them kin. Cowper's affection was of course admirably regulated. Baudelaire's passion for cats touched the grotesque. When he entered a friend's house he was "restless and uneasy" till he had seen the cat, and his exaggerated ecstasies over "mon beau chat" sometimes alienate our sympathy. But the verse from "Les Chats" that Miss Repplier has placed on her title-page appeals to all for whom a favorite cat is the essential ornament of the library fireside:

"Les amoureux fervents et les savants austères
Aiment également, dans leur mûre saison,
Les chats puissants et doux, orgueil de la maison,
Qui comme eux sont frileux, et comme eux sédentaires."

Miss Repplier's book is entirely popular in its treatment, and is written in a tone that will endear it to all lovers of cats. We think that the illustrations, in these days of photography, might have been made more interesting. The frontispiece is a most appealing cat, but, for the rest, the book would be quite as attractive without them.

China in Convulsion. By Arthur H. Smith. Fleming H. Revell Co.

The difference between a personal and even romantic narrative of adventure written hastily on the spot by an enterprising traveller, and the sober record of one who has had twenty-eight years of experience and close observation, with accurate scholarship and leisure to correct hasty judgments, is shown when Landor and Smith are compared. Those who want reading for pleasure only must and will have Landor's 'China and the Allies.' Those who would know just what did happen will read 'China in Convulsion.' Dr. Smith's equipment for his work is sufficiently stated when the fact is grasped that he is the author of 'Chinese Characteristics' and 'Village Life in China.' The element of personal adventure is sufficiently prominent in his having seen and noted the genesis of the Boxer movement, in living through the siege in Peking, in being a witness of what afterwards took place, beholding both Peking and Tientsin in transformation, and last, but not least, able to talk with hundreds of native survivors. The two volumes are copiously illustrated with maps and index.

It is fortunate for the reader who attacks these portly volumes that the author's style is so clear, straightforward, and rich in literary graces. Yet, though strong in chastened rhetoric, Dr. Smith does not sacrifice facts to attractive statements. His knowledge of the background of events enables him to interpret them clearly, and with sufficient effectiveness. He is not only a narrator of events, but also a philosophic historian. His balance and judicial-mindedness are seen in his frankly facing the facts. He does not deny the disturbing nature of Christianity itself, or the effect upon the Chinese of the presence of civil and military avengers from Christendom, with their almost indiscriminate looting and indulgence of elemental passions. Further, he feels, even if he does not flatly express, his geographical limitations, which are shown in his restricted view. Without attempting to discuss the whole question of the Chinese Empire before the world, his view is

confined, too much, we think, to northern China and the region of Peking. Despite his intention and ability to be fair all round, there are some things which an outsider can see perhaps even more plainly. It seems quite clear now that, whether on account of the unintentional precipitation of the Boxer movement or otherwise, the whole series of events of the summer of 1900 is rather a matter belonging to northern China—an affair of Boxers and Manchus—than a movement of "all the Chinas." Certainly, in the middle and southern parts of the empire, where reform, at least in intellectual conviction, has made more solid progress, where the Manchu rule is less accepted, and the Manchu dynasty most bitterly hated, there have been few signs of commotion or sympathy with either the Peking mandarins or the red-sashed Boxers.

Having frankly declared the limitations, along with manifest excellencies which time will only reveal more fully, we are now prepared to look at the contents of the book, which we have read with pleasure, and we confess with a little pride that the author is an American, albeit not a lover of Russian policy; withal counting that China has been extraordinarily fortunate in having so plausible a defender in Minister Wu of Washington. Of the thirty-eight chapters in the two volumes, thirteen are devoted to the causes of the convulsion of 1900. Dr. Smith treats of the remoter sources of antipathy of Chinese to foreigners. He shows that the normal mind of an orthodox Chinese is very much like that of those Christians of the Middle Ages, and later, who considered the "deposit" of faith divinely perfect, that they were the guardians of it, that originality of thought or any innovation of custom was not only blasphemy and sin, but in itself heresy, rebellion, and anarchy. As the logical fruit of mediæval Christian orthodoxy was the Inquisition with its unspeakable horrors, men like Philip II., and the slaughter of heretics, so from the Chinese mind antipathy, and, through provocation, violence and murder, are logically bred. Whereas we foreigners see the three religions of China, Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism, as distinct and separated cults, they exist in the average Chinese mind as but one amalgam. Whether Boxerism sprang out of Confucianism, or, as Landon would dogmatically assert, from Buddhism, or more immediately from the old superstition and witchcraft which underlie all formal or book religions in China, it is certain that the Manchu mandarins, especially, were too happy to use the convenient weapon to rid China once and for all of disturbing influences. By extirpating not only Christianity but all things alien, they hoped to insulate China from the shock of change.

Dr. Smith demonstrates that, besides troubles from Protestants and Catholics, anti-foreign riots, and anti-foreign propaganda which, as early as 1890, was laid open to public view by the scholarly researches of the Rev. Timothy Richards, there were the "commercial intrusion" and the "territorial aggression," which convinced so strong a reformer as Li Hung Chang that foreigners were, in their morals, and notably in their greed, no better than Chinese. With masterly grasp and insight, the author describes the reaction against the reform which had been begun by the Emperor, ad-

vised by Kang Yu Wei. The genesis of the Boxer movement and the gathering of the storm are finely pictured. Dr. Smith makes clear the close collusion between the Boxer leaders and the Empress and Manchu mandarins. Then follow fifteen chapters, describing the siege and rescue, given in smooth narrative, after laborious digest of details. Those on the punishment of Peking, the capital in transformation, the ruin of Tung-Chow, and Tientsin after the siege are wonderfully interesting.

Not the least valuable part of the work is that containing the personal narratives of native Christians from various places in the zone of disturbance. These are modest, and notably free from hysteria and heated rhetorical reports. They give a fresh revelation of the staying powers and intrinsic manhood of the Chinese, and open a new chapter in the annals of modern Christianity. The author confesses freely, with the shame that all-civilized men must feel, the folly and cruelty in which the soldiers of "Christian" nations indulged. He does not spare exposure of the thieving propensities of civilians and tourists, nor does he hesitate to brand as abominable shams some of the so-called military and punitive expeditions of the Germans. He is firm in his conviction that more punishment ought to have been meted out to the native offenders in high office.

Nevertheless, acknowledging all these drawbacks without stint, and not palliating their evil effects on the 'native mind, Dr. Smith is an incorrigible optimist as to the future. China can never be the old China that she was, but must move into a new and better life. Not that the author has any faith whatever in a mere importation of "funded civilization" in the form of steamships, railways, and telegraphs. In themselves, these have no regenerating quality, but are simply disturbing forces, destitute of all ethical value, occasioning more evils than they remedy. It is true of the Chinese, more than of any other non-Christian people, that they have never been profoundly moved by other than moral forces. When the tumult of fighting, and the inevitable divisions among foreigners, whose union is feebleness, are over, moral forces will resume their sway. In short, one rises from this book, not only with the impression that it is a masterwork, but that the Chinese people are thoroughly human beings—no better, no worse, than those who call themselves Christians; and that honesty and unselfishness in work devoted to them are no more lost than the same ethical and philanthropic energy devoted to human beings elsewhere.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ayres, R. F. *Four-Footed Folk*. R. H. Russell. Bateman, C. T. G. F. Watts. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 50 cents.
Bertin, Georges. *Madame de Lamballe*. Godfrey A. S. Weners. \$1.50.
Besant, Annie. *Eclectic Christianity*. John Lane. Bryce, James. *Studies in History and Jurisprudence*. Henry Frowde.
Caxton Series of Reprints: (1) Tennyson's *In Memoriam*; (2) *La Motte-Fouqué*. Undine and Aslauga's Knight. London: George Newnes; New York: Scribners. \$1.20 each.
Chinlock, E. J. *A Few Notes on Julian*. London: David Nutt. 1s. 6d.
Chubb, E. W. *English Words*. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 75 cents.
Clark, E. B. *Bird Jingles*. A. W. Mumford. 60 cents.
Clark, E. B. *Birds of Lakeside and Prairie*. A. W. Mumford. \$1.
Clark, G. O. *Nightmare Land*. R. H. Russell.
Clay, Beatrice. *Stories from Le Morte d'Arthur and the Mabinogion*. (Temple Classics.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan.

Cleeve, Rowley. George Romney. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 50 cents.
Coleman, W. M. *Economics as a Foundation for a Theory of Government*. New York: Published by the Author. \$1.
Coman, Katharine, and Kendall, Elizabeth. *A Short History of England for School Use*. Macmillan. 90 cents.
Cooper, E. T. *Linear Perspective*. Adapted for Colleges, Schools, and Teachers, and for Self-Instruction. Cleveland: Lamson & Carpenter.
Curtis, Isabel G. *Left-Overs Made Palatable*. Orange Judd Co.
Diehl, Anna R. *The Story of Jennie O'Neil Potter*. Isaac H. Blanchard Co.
Doolittle, Eric. *Measures of 900 Double and Multiple Stars*. (University of Pennsylvania Publications.)
Doub, W. C. *A Topical Discussion of Geography*. Macmillan.
Dryer, C. R. *Lessons in Physical Geography*. American Book Co. \$1.20.
Fitchett, W. H. *The Tale of the Great Mutiny*. Scribners. \$1.50.
Giffen, Lillian. *The Ghost of the Belle-Alliance Plantation, and Other Stories*. Published by the Author.
Gilder, R. W. *Poems and Inscriptions*. Century Co. \$1.
Gower, R. S. *The Tower of London*. Vol. I. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. \$6.
Grinnell, G. B. *American Duck Shooting*. Forest & Stream Pub. Co. \$3.50.
Heaven, Louise P. *An Idol of Bronze*. The Grafton Press.
Hesse-Wartegg, Ernst von. *Samoa, Bismarck-archipel and Neuguinea*. Leipzig: J. J. Weber. 15 marks.
Hill, Constance. *Jane Austen: Her Homes and her Friends*. John Lane. \$6.
Holman, L. A. *Goethe's Reineke Fuchs: The First Five Cantos*. H. Holt & Co. 50 cents.
Honeyman, A. V. *Bright Days in Merrie England*. Plainfield (N. J.): Honeyman & Co. \$1.50.
Hopkins, E. W. *India, Old and New*. (Yale Bicentennial Publications.) Scribners. \$2.50.
Hor, P. J. A. *Notes Introductory to the Study of the Clementine Recognitions*. Macmillan. \$1.25.
Hufford, Lois G. *Shakespeare in Tale and Verse*. Macmillan.
Jastrow, Morris. *The Study of Religion*. London: Walter Scott; New York: Scribners. \$1.50.
Josaphare, Lionel. *Turquoise and Iron*. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. \$1.20.
Judd, Mary C. *The A-B-C Book of Birds*. A. W. Mumford. \$1.
Kemble, E. W. *Kemble's Pickaninnies*. R. H. Russell.
Kenyon, F. G. *Handbook to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament*. Macmillan. \$3.25.
Kenyon, J. B. *Loiterings in Old Fields*. Eaton & Mains. \$1.
Kropotkin, Prince. *Fields, Factories, and Workshops*. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 90 cents.
Labiche, Eugène, and Martin, M. E. *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*. American Book Co. 35 Cents.
Lanson, Gustave. *L'Université et la Société Moderne*. Paris: Armand Colin. 1 fr. 50c.
MacCracken, H. M. *The Three Essentials: A Baccalaureate Discourse*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents.
Machet, J. *Le Développement Economique de la Russie*. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.
Neville, J. J. *Famous Sayings of Famous Americans*. Syracuse: Courier Printing Co.
Orcutt, Emma L. *Esther Mather*. The Grafton Press.
Palmer, A. H., and Eldridge, J. G. *Die Braut von Messina*. H. Holt & Co. 60 cents.
Penfield, Edward. *The Big Book of Horses and Goats*. R. H. Russell.
Pepper, Mary S. *Maids and Matrons of New France*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.
Pocket Edition of Balzac. Vols. 27, 28, 29, and 30. Boston: Little Brown & Co.
Root, F. A., and Connelley, W. E. *The Overland Stage to California*. Topeka (Kan.): Published by the Authors.
Ruskin, John. *Sesame and Lilies*. H. Holt & Co.
Schwarz, G. F. *Forest Trees and Forest Scenery*. The Grafton Press.
Simpson, J. Y. *Henry Drummond*. (Famous Scots Series.) Scribners. 75 cents.
Stein, M. A. *Preliminary Report on a Journey of Archaeological and Topographical Exploration in Chinese Turkestan*. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.
Sutherland, H. V. *Biggs's Bar, and Other Klondyke Ballads*. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
Teresa, Saint. *The Way of Perfection*. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. \$1.
The Twentieth Century New Testament, Part III.
Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents.
Thomas, Calvin. *The Life and Works of Friedrich Schiller*. H. Holt & Co. \$3.25.
Thomas, Calvin, and Hervey, W. A. *A German Reader and Theme Book*. H. Holt & Co. \$1.
Thompson, Sison. *Engene Field*. 2 vols. Scribners. \$3.
Timrod, Henry. *Verses from the Cotton Boll*. Richmond (Va.): B. F. Johnson Pub. Co.
Trollope, Anthony. *Doctor Thorne*. John Lane. 75 cents.
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